

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The other day I attacked an old black book which I had often walked around but never entered, and opening it at random happened upon a printed letter abounding in those phrases which loud-voiced Salvation Army men cry out the year round, meaningless to themselves and to us. It was one of Oliver Cromwell's war despatches—a volume of his letters, and edited by Carlyle. Having never read this well known work, I went at it and found myself in the presence of two such men as do not now live—Cromwell and Carlyle. Each was a man of great earnestness, a staunch believer in God and himself. One reconstructed the world with a sword; the other with giant strides stepped back and forth from one century to another, tracing error from mouth to source, infinitely contemptuous of meaner men who failed to stride with him. One struck down with the flat of his sword (or the edge) three kingdoms, in the name of peace waging war, to preserve life destroying lives. The other carried into the splendid workshop of his mind great bulks of truth and dross, and with furnace-heat and trip-hammer pounded out such shapes and designs as suited his fancy, regardless of popular notions, for to him the whole and only Truth was the truth as he knew it.

Every grown man, and grown men only, should read Carlyle on Cromwell. If you read this book in your boyhood, go back to it with an apology and a matured reason. It is a spring from which you may drink life. Tired of thin gruel, try meat. Find there at least one man who had a ruling purpose, faith in himself, intellect and courage—one such man you will at least find, for if you are not made to so regard Cromwell, then it will be Carlyle who will so impress you. Although you may not accept Cromwell at the rating given him, cannot find greatness of character in the man who praised God that he had succeeded in burning alive part of the garrison at Drogheda and massacring the rest—the other man, the one who wrote of him, will stand out bigger and more splendid than the hero he worshipped, famed forever as a man who had the power to think.

To-day have we such earnest men? Are we not all in hiding? The politician who says something which proves unprofitable to himself is spoken of as a blockhead; it is not suspected that he has been but honest. No public man is now expected to serve the truth at his personal expense. If in a grand moment he emancipate himself and speak the truth, he gets back to business next day and denounces his own words. Were an old-time occasion here again there could be no war, there being but one army led on by the Vicar of Bray. Politicians are not alone. The old preachers of the covenant who starved in the hills or fought and died with claymores in their hands, are succeeded by a clergy among whom are men who, while subscribing to creeds, make large mental reservations, preferring dishonest peace to the turbulence that would follow a candid confession of the things they believe and the things they do not believe. No creed is sacred unless true, and truth cannot be forwarded by false agents; so, then, what triumphs can Truth look for with an invertebrate clergy accepting half a creed, and without courage to either renounce the other half or to preach it? In moral questions men are not downright. They hide beneath fences. Men who support prohibition often drink in secret and injure the cause in cunning ways that will not be traced to them. Men who honestly believe that wines and liquors have a place among the human comforts and that their reasonable use should not be denied to reasonable men, are, here in Canada, skulking behind all kinds of shams. They seek, by cunning political combinations, to avert the straight issue of prohibition, afraid to publicly declare their views, although privately very strong-willed and emphatic in their opinions. The voter, too, whose might and good sense have brought him much flattery, finds it easier to vote in the way that is expected of him than to come out and vote in the way that his soul tells him he should. Society, from its surface to its foundation, from the ornamental figures which adorn its facade to the masses which pillar its base, is insincere, uncandid, afraid to say and live its true thoughts.

The most conspicuous moral cowardice of the day, and the one that best typifies all, is, I think, shown by those who are opposed to the entire prohibition of the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. There is in Canada a very influential percentage of the people addicted to the moderate use of wines and beers. They use these beverages without abusing them—after a manner which had all men at all times observed, liquor would never have been regarded as an evil—and are quite easy in conscience as to their practices in reference to intoxicants. In their own class, or in any private way, they are prepared to say that theirs is the only sane one, half-way between fanaticism against liquor and slavery to it. They are quite sure of themselves, and hold in like detestation the mental ailment of the agitator for prohibition and the physical ailment of the drunkard. Yet these people, although sure that they are right, fail to assert in public the principles that move them. They crouch down and allow the teetotalers and licensed victuallers to fight out, over their heads, a question that should not be left to these combatants at all. The question is one that belongs to society at large, and the

immense middle crowd, who neither advocate arbitrary legislation nor subsist by trading in rum, must eventually settle the dispute without much regard to the claims of either extreme party. But the business man who is opposed to prohibition does not openly say so; in his private life he makes no secret of his principles, yet in his wider capacity as a citizen he is in hiding on the question. By subterfuges he evades the straight issue, and when a "temperance" question comes up he always votes against it while offering some other excuse than the honest fact that he is conscientiously, firmly and unalterably opposed to it or anything along the same line. A few generations of

mode the citizen in high life quite as much as it would the poor fellow who besots himself daily. Prohibition, stern, unrelenting, taking cognizance of no class, annihilating at one and the same time the fine liquors of the clubs and the throat-tearing whisky of the lumber camps—this would be regarded as a very serious matter by many who are not saying a word against prohibition and will not say a word against it. It is not "good business policy" to speak out as you think. Reverting to my statement that the rural parts would very generally pile up a majority for prohibition, it may be said that this is not to be wondered at. In country places liquor is associated often,

generally to blame, is always blamed. It takes a man some little time to drink up fifty dollars, yet a foolish man, drunk or sober, can lose fifty dollars in five minutes in a horse trade. Bitter feelings against liquor, however, grow in country places, and with plenty of reason; prohibition of the whole traffic would be welcomed. It is in the cities and the towns, if the vote on the question is ever brought on, that there will be some queer hunkersliding done by people who live in an atmosphere of moral cowardice. Some of those who will vote against prohibition, for the alleged reason that they can't see how the country will raise the lost revenue, will really vote so because they can't see how

must make use of it—they must put out more sail. Business men must branch out as they have not done in depressed seasons. Prosperity will not hunt for men who hide from it when so many are willing to meet it half way. The fickle jade will not smile at a man more than once unless he welcomes her first one. Sir Leonard Tilley put his finger on the weak spot of Canadian character when he urged that all sail be spread to catch the breeze of prosperity, for we are financially timid, unless it be towards mining shares at ten cents each, which we hope to re-sell in a month for two dollars. If we all get up and rustle we can make phenomenal headway in the immediate future, but if we lie low we shall still find ourselves stuck in the mud after the winds of prosperity have spent themselves. There are times when the business mood of Toronto is such that a perfect gale of prosperity would not move us a yard.

Among the many advantages of the year may be mentioned one that is important. The big crops and good prices that are to enrich the agriculturists of Ontario are supplemented by another source of income that was never useful before. What I mean is that Manitoba and the North-West will this year pay a big instalment of that debt which is owed to Ontario. All through the West are farmers who were set up in business by fathers and brothers in Ontario. They were given implements and stock and money to begin life in the West. For years they have scarcely been able to pay interest; they have not, as a rule, been asked for interest. Now, at last, the old folks are to hear from their sons. City people do not know how much truth there is in this. The loan companies only know how Ontario mortgaged itself to stock farms in the West. This debt, after being almost outlawed by lapse of time, unrecoverable by any process, because secured only by the tie of kinship between borrower and lender, is now to be paid in part. The innumerable small sums that will percolate through the country postoffices of the province would, if brought together, present a surprising aggregate.

The Ontario Government has brought down its new timber policy, and I see in it and the good crops two signs of an approaching election. It may now be said to be probable that the provincial elections will occur late in November. On a fair consideration of the facts I have altered my first impression of this action of the Government, which was that it was a weak-kneed thing, a poor imitation of the real answer that should be made by Ontario to the United States. On a closer examination I find that the Government has done that which seemed best for itself in view of the fact that there will be a general election very soon. The clause answers back, in fairly spirited terms, the alien labor laws of the United States. It does not pretend to retaliate for the duty imposed upon Canadian lumber. Had a regulation been passed now requiring timber to be sawn in Canada, several worries and tangles would have been produced, and no one could quite prophesy the resultant effects upon an election in, let us say, November or a little later. If the Government had shot its bolts it would have gone into the campaign with an empty locker. As it now stands, the stump speaker can go abroad and shout: "Against the unneighborly nation to the south of us we have taken direct action in our own interest, and we ask this province to endorse us in what we have done and in what we yet propose. We have enacted that every dollar paid out for labor in the lumber camps must be paid to Canadians; that every pound of pork or other supplies, every chain, horse, hand-spike, etc., must be purchased in Canada. To the alien labor laws of the United States we have made this answer. Next year, in April, many leases expire, and we are prepared, if endorsed by the province, to enact (unless the United States amends its entire policy towards us and repeals the duty on lumber) that thereafter every stick of timber cut in this province must be sawn in this province. Too long have we tried by generous treatment to win fair usage—but the time has come, etc., etc. (Cheers)."

No politician could assent to the adoption of a clause requiring all timber to be sawn in Canada, without making it worth four years of power. Big issues are not so plentiful in provincial politics that such an one as this can be wasted. Premier Hardy, then, seems to have decided to ride into power on a saw-log.

A strong stand on the timber, lumber and labor question is so necessary to the hour that one cannot but be surprised that the Opposition, instead of devoting extraordinary attention to a very poor piggery, did not come out with a Crown Lands policy. Even had the Government stolen it, the credit would have been ascribed to Mr. Whitney. With big crops, with the New Canadianism, with the old flag and the new flag, patriotism on its mettle and supported from Ottawa by Mr. Laurier with his Cobden medal and high tariff, one scarcely sees how Premier Hardy can lose ground anywhere. Things looked rather bright for Mr. Whitney for a time, but he should have forestalled Mr. Hardy's timber policy.

City newspaper men must not run away with the idea that the action taken by the Ontario Government is unimportant. It will have a great effect upon the lumber trade of Ontario, and I am told that already, in anticipation of the Government's action, farmers' sons going into the woods for the winter are being offered \$20 or \$22 a month and board, where last year



GALATEA.

such dodging will see an end to moral courage entirely.

If prohibition is put to a vote in the Dominion it will probably carry, the cities declaring against it but the rural parts giving it a big majority. If those who believe in the abolition of public drinking-houses and the treating habit, but object to a condition of enforced teetotalism, were in the habit of openly expressing their views, it would not be possible to pass an out-and-out prohibitory law; but the silence of the influential men who hold those views has enabled temperance lecturers to convince a majority of the people that the issue is a straight one between Drunkenness and Sobriety. The victory of prohibition would be a just punishment upon the men who have for selfish ends trifled with serious people on the temperance question for thirty years. This seems a queer statement, but I am sure that complete, thorough, energetic prohibition would incom-

if not always, with those phases of life which are meanest and most repulsive. The little tavern at the cross-roads is the place where men gather with the object of getting drunk. The liquors are even viler than any temperance lecturer supposes, and, more than all, the results of continuous hard drinking are so plainly manifested in the sight of whole townships that the feeling against drink becomes very bitter. Five years ago a farmer was regarded as well-to-do; to-day a loan company has possession of the property; he has been drinking for five years; the hotel-keeper has bought a new trotting horse. Such facts come out in conversation in country stores all over Ontario. There is another case: When his father died he found himself worth more than any man for ten miles around; to-day he is selling fruit trees and isn't worth a dollar, and all through drink. So people say, and it does not matter if untrue—he may have had in him every element of failure—for drink, being

they will be able to get "a cold bot" when they want it. As I said before, the carrying and enforcement of prohibition would be a fit punishment for many who are in a panic at the mere prospect of it, yet have not the courage to openly resist its approach.

Sir Leonard Tilley once advised business men to spread all sail for ten years of prosperity. That was one of the best bits of advice ever spoken by a Canadian public man, and the conditions that ruled at the time have no bearing on the wisdom of the utterance. Prosperity cannot be produced by a conspiracy, but it can be forever banished if business men unitedly and always bewail bad times and govern themselves by the "hard times" standard of doing business. If prosperity is not recognized on sight, it may pass unacknowledged. If a ship waits for the wind, and then does not hoist sail when the wind comes, it will not make much of a voyage; and now that prosperity is upon us, men

they only secured \$12 and board. Wages in the camps will apparently be higher than for eight or ten years past, and far more Canadians employed. These facts mean much to large portions of Ontario.

TORONTO, Sept. 23.

DEAR SIR,—I use the Queen and Dundas street cars, and the last two evenings have gone home on a car which gets to the corner of Dundas at 6.50 o'clock, and on both occasions the trailer was cut off and passengers had to get into the forward car. Last night twenty-one passengers from the trailer had to stand up in the motor-car. When a man waits down town to let the big crowd get away, and after getting a seat is ordered out in this way, it is a little too much. The conductor is forced to cut that trailer off, even if he has sixty passengers on it. I am arranging to remove into another part of the city, almost altogether because the Dundas route is the most ill-used in the city—open cars on into the winter, and closed cars on into the summer. The property owners seem wholly indifferent to the treatment accorded them, and of course the aldermen of No. Six never heard of the existing grievances. Kindly publish this.

Yours,

WARD SICKS.

The aldermen of Ward Six certainly do seem unable to catch the attention of the City Engineer, for as I live in that ward I know that it has been complained for a long time that the Dundas line has dumped on it all the rickety and unseasonable cars in use, and that at certain hours of the day and evening the time-card is wholly disregarded. The facts stated by my correspondent, especially in regard to cutting off the trailer, I know to be true, for I have seen over thirty passengers routed out of a trailer and squeezed into a motor car in which every seat was already occupied. Residents along certain other street car routes will not admit that Dundas gets worse treatment than any other—and indeed some people must growl in any case—yet some night at Dundas corner a load of people will refuse to "go into the front car," and a big lawsuit will start then and there.

The Canada Law Journal for September discusses the "sweat-box," citing the examination of Allison at Galt by Detective Murray as a case in point, and condemns the practice. The Journal says: "No friend of the accused, not even his counsel, was permitted to be present, and the Crown officer has not made a statement as to the information elicited from Allison; but, as the result apparently of the inquisition, it was immediately afterwards announced by the newspapers that the Crown had dropped every other line of investigation and was working solely on the theory that Allison was the guilty party." The Journal further expresses its surprise that Detective Murray should have subjected Allison to such an examination. It says: "Our judges have so often and so strongly expressed their disapprobation of 'American' methods in this respect, that the wonder is that a veteran Canadian officer should have lent himself to them."

MACK.

Society at the Capital.

Mrs. Montagu Adamson of Toronto is visiting her parents here, Mr. and Mrs. Macleod of Bessert street.

Mrs. Ramsay Wright of Toronto is in town, the guest of Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat.

Mr. Marcus Smith, C. E., sailed for England last week.

Hon. Mr. Fielding, Minister of Finance, arrived in town last week and leaves for England this week.

Mr. D. C. Campbell, who has been in Toronto visiting friends, returned to town this week.

Miss Scott, eldest daughter of Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State, returned home this week from British Columbia, where she paid a lengthy visit to her sister, Mrs. Everard Fletcher.

Mr. Bog of the Bank of Montreal has spent the last two weeks in Toronto, visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Justice Gwynne and Miss Gwynne, who have been summering at Fernbank, on the St. Lawrence, returned to town this week. Previous to their arrival here, Judge and Mrs. Gwynne spent a few days in Toronto with Mr. and Mrs. W. Gwynne.

Mr. John Dewe of London, Eng., is in town and will spend the next few months with his daughter, Mrs. Louis Jones of Waverley street. Mr. Dewe was formerly in the Post Office Department and has hosts of friends, both here and in Toronto, who will be glad to learn of his arrival in Canada.

Mrs. Small and Miss Fanny Small of Toronto paid the Capital a flying visit last week, only remaining for a couple of days. Miss Small has many friends here, she having stayed here several times during the seasonal months.

Mrs. Charles Magee of Lisgar street gave a small but most enjoyable musical party this week, to which only young people were invited. The Earl of Ava, eldest son of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, is to spend part of the coming winter here, having taken rooms in the Victoria Chambers. Lord Ava is very popular with Ottawa society, he usually spending a month or two here every winter.

Mrs. Cambie, who with her two charming daughters has spent the last year in Toronto, is to return to her house in Cooper street this fall. Mrs. Cambie and the Misses Cambie will be gladly welcomed back by many old friends here. Sir Louis and Lady Davies, who have occupied their house since last November, will in all probability buy a furnished house.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier arrived in town last Friday, and are at present the guests of Major and Mme. Chapeau. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier will move into their new house on Theodore street early next week.

Mrs. A. G. Blair, wife of Hon. A. G. Blair, Minister of Railways and Canals, arrived in town last Saturday, accompanied by little Miss Marjorie. The Misses Blair are still at Crowslea, their pretty place by the Bay of Fundy.

Mr. DeCelles, Librarian of Parliament, accompanied by Mrs. DeCelles, arrived home last week from Europe, where they have spent the last six weeks.

Miss Smith, niece of Sir Sandford Fleming, arrived home this week from Halifax, where she spent the summer months.

Mr. Howard and Hon. Mrs. Howard of Montreal spent several days in town last week with Dr. Wright of Elgin street. Mrs. Howard is a daughter of Lord and Lady Mount Royal, and, with her husband, will sail with them for Scotland this week. Lord Mount Royal, before sailing for Canada, rented Juniper Lodge, a pretty country house in the south of England, for his little grandchildren to occupy.

Sir Sandford Fleming's eldest daughter, Mrs.



The Old Court House in Toronto.

(Photo by Percy Warren.)

The old Court House, built in 1824, is shown as it stands to-day, near the corner of King and Church streets. The tearing down of the Street Railway offices, in order to make way for a larger building, has exposed the now blind front of the historic old building. It was in this old building that Lount and Matthews were tried and sentenced to death, and the two men were executed in the jail yard off Toronto street. This court house was the scene of many trials during the Mackenzie troubles, and the above reproduction from a photograph will recall many memories to the old inhabitants.

Critchley of Calgary, N.W.T., arrived in town this week and will pay a lengthy visit to her father, probably not returning to Mr. Critchley's ranch before Christmas.

A pleasant party, the guests of Mr. Schriber, Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals, left on the private car Ottawa last Friday, en route to the Pacific Coast. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, and Mr. and Mrs. Newcombe.

Sir Charles and Lady Tupper, who have spent the last three months in the Old Country, returned to Ottawa on Monday, having touched terra firma at old Quebec. Both Sir Charles and Lady Tupper are looking remarkably well after their trip across the ocean. Sir Charles and Lady Tupper will be visited in a few weeks by their granddaughter, Miss Mary Tupper of Winnipeg, who was presented at the drawing-room last year.

The marriage will take place in London on October 5 of Lady Beatrix Fitz Maurice, daughter of the Marquis of Lansdowne, to the Marquis of Waterford, a young Irish peer. Lady Beatrix has many friends in Canada, made during Lord Lansdowne's tenure of office as Governor-General.

Mr. and Mrs. Gemmil of Victoria street, who have spent some time in England, arrived home on Saturday last.

Miss Drummond is spending this month with her sister, Mrs. George Burn of Metcalfe street.

The Misses Lee, Metcalfe street, who have been in Toronto, have returned home.

Mrs. White, widow of the late Hon. Thomas White, formerly Minister of the Interior, and the Misses White, have returned to Canada after a three years' visit to Europe. Mr. Justice King and Mrs. King have occupied Mrs. White's residence for the last few years, and it is said will continue to do so for this winter at any rate.

The cricketers' moonlight excursion last week was a social and financial failure, but much enjoyed by the few people who went. Owing to the cold weather, few people in town, etc., very few tickets were sold, which is to be regretted, as all the arrangements made by the committee were most satisfactory.

Ottawa, Sept. 21, '97.

Social and Personal.

Mr. D. R. Wilkie returned to town last week from a visit to British Columbia.

Miss Helen Milligan, daughter of Col. Milligan, returned to New York this week.

The English friends Mr. and Mrs. May of Lakeview avenue were entertaining, left for the Old Country the fore part of this week.

Mrs. Ferguson, widow of the late Senator Ferguson, has given up her lovely home in Rosedale for the winter. She and her family have taken apartments at the Queen's.

The parsons, too, are flocking home again. Rev. G. M. Milligan of Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian church and Archbishop Walsh of the Roman Catholic church are among the latest arrivals. Both these gentlemen have been visiting their native land.

Mr. E. Hay, the inspector of the Imperial Bank, and Mrs. Hay have gone to the Atlantic Coast for a holiday.

On the evening of July 3 two men were rescued from death by drowning off Center Island, and this week the Royal Canadian Humane Association presented the brave rescuers with handsome bronze medals. The four courageous ones were made up of two bank clerks—Mr.

Linton of the Ontario Bank and Mr. Kerr of the Bank of Montreal—the vendor of the peanut at the Island, and the well known upholder of the law at Center Island.

The Dorothy two-step, composed by Miss Adelaide Johnson, promises to be the brightest and most popular one of the season. It has just been published and can be had at Ashdown's music store.

Miss Edith Stanway is out of town visiting friends in Montreal.

Mrs. and Miss Coles of Balmuto street have returned home from Europe after an enjoyable sojourn in London and Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh White have returned from Muskoka and taken up their residence at 46 Sussex avenue, where Mrs. White will be at home to her friends the first and third Thursdays of each month.

Miss O. F. Mitchell of 24 Pembroke street has returned home after spending a very pleasant vacation with her friends at Manhattan Beach, Long Island.

Mrs. Milton A. Muldrew has returned from Long Branch and will be at home on the first and third Tuesdays at 64 St. George street.

Mr. H. M. Wells of 321 Sherbourne street is able to be out again after a somewhat severe illness. He will spend a few weeks with his son Harry, and Capt. Milloy, at Oake Park, Paris.

The many persons who were personally interested in and attached to that clever lady, Mrs. Webster, as well as those who only knew her as a perfect mandolin player, will be glad to hear that she is very successful in her native England, and that her health is much better. Letters speaking of a proposed winter holiday in Algiers make one rather envious of the pretty little woman whose playing charmed us on several occasions a couple of seasons since.

Mrs. Hector Cameron and her daughter will be the guests of Mrs. Hetherington at the Avonmore next week.

Mrs. Arthur Ross is going for a fortnight's visit to Mrs. William Mackenzie at her summer home in Kirkfield.

A number of very charming Memphis people have made Toronto their home this summer. One of the lovely southern matrons is Mrs. Goodman, who, with her daughters, has many friends here. Of handsome presence and cordial manner, Mrs. Goodman has also the gift of conversation, and time passes too quickly in her attractive society.

On Tuesday a superlatively jolly girls' tea was given by Miss Mary Eilwood as a farewell to her young friends previous to her departure for a year or two of study in England. Everyone is sorry to lose this bright and merry maid, and in some quarters grief, I am told, is very poignant. However, time passes very quickly and will be kindly speedy and bring her back to her ain countrie ere long.

Miss Marion Barker returned this week from Kingston, where she has been for some weeks.

The doings at Niagara Falls over the opening of the new bridge were the great excuse for an outing for many on Thursday, yesterday and to-day.

The exceedingly comical farce running this week at the Grand has given an hour of laughter to many smart persons just beginning

to feel the ennui of the gap between the seasons. The perfect little curtain-raiser is an artistic treat, full of delicate flavor. Many persons who are golf-tired and otherwise averse to the theater in September, turned out. On Tuesday evening a gay party of young people, Mr. Percy Manning's guests, filled four boxes, and on Wednesday a smart little group from the Miller-Thomson wedding were prominent in the stalls, where I also saw Mr. Henry Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, Dr. and Mrs. Patton, Mrs. Walter Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Higman, and others. Anyone who enjoys myriads of absurd situations and unlooked-for contretemps should take in one of the remaining performances this week.

Professor and Mrs. Clark returned home this week, landing on September 21, via the s.s. Labrador.

If this afternoon be only fine and fair there will be some elegant frocks at the Woodbine, and the members' enclosure will be a garden.

"What is a shower bouquet?" writes a country girl, who has evidently been reading accounts of various wedding festivities. A shower bouquet is three feet long and is formed of a nucleus of flowers and greenery, from which depend numberless airy strands of fern or smilax, on which are dotted blossoms at intervals. The most lovely shower bouquets are made of orchids and lily-of-the-valley, with ferns. By the way, excellently arranged bouquets of this fashion were seen at last week's grand nuptials, done in nasturtium and green, and perfectly shaped.

Miss Justina Harrison has been for some time on a visit in Detroit, and returns home this week.

Last Friday evening was the occasion of a pleasant little event which took place in the Board Room of the Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company, when Mr. Arthur T. Lawson, one of the staff, was presented, on behalf of his bride, with a beautiful onyx clock ornamented with bronze figures. The presentation was accompanied by an illuminated address expressing the best wishes of the management and staff of the Company on his joining the order of Benedictines.

Mrs. T. C. Street Macklem is visiting her mother, Mrs. Raymond, in Welland.

Mrs. Becher and Miss Macklem, who have been in England for some time on account of the sad illness of Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, will return in November. Mrs. Macklem is, happily, much better.

Captain Donald McLean Howard of the N. W. M. P., who was married about two years ago in the far North-West, has come down on a visit to his parents, in deep mourning for the loss of his young wife. Many kind thoughts and words of sympathy meet him from Toronto friends, with whom "Donny" was always popular.

Professor and Mrs. Hirschfelder and Miss Hirschfelder are home for the winter after an enjoyable visit to the seaside and New York. The dear great-grand-parents are as bright and interested in social life as their younger descendants, and enjoy it as much as ever.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee and Miss Lee will receive on Monday, the first time since their Jubilee visit in England.

Mrs. DuMoulin and Mrs. Alder Bliss have been in town for a short visit, both looking extremely well.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Marcella Wilkes and Mr. Allan Corfield Fairweather, St. Simon's sweet tenor singer, which takes place on October 6 at half-past two in St. Simon's church, with a reception afterwards at Thistledeale the residence of the bride's mother, 118 Bloor street east. This is the first matrimonial event in an unusually united and affectionate family of young people, and has called forth very warm congratulations to the happy fiancée from every quarter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis and their family are shortly to remove to Buffalo to reside. The marriage of Mr. Beaumont Jarvis and Miss Hamilton will, I am told, take place this fall. The removal of the above family will be regretted by all. The handsome father, the sweet and refined mother, and the charming girls have hosts of friends who will feel greatly the loss of each and all.

Mrs. Charles Preston Clark (nee Briscoe) will be at home to her friends afternoon and evening on Wednesday and Thursday, September 29 and 30, at 12 Shannon street.

Mr. Harry A. Hunter of Durham, formerly of the Bank of Commerce in Toronto, has accepted a lucrative position with a firm of brokers in Minneapolis.

Miss Lily Snowball of Chatham, N. B., has returned to town and will attend another term at Miss Veals' before going to Germany to follow up her music, for which she has made a name for herself here. Her sister, Miss Laura, will be missed greatly, having decided to remain home this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Edward Maybee have returned from a tour of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, and have taken up their residence at 475 Euclid avenue. Mrs. Maybee will hold her post-nuptial reception on the afternoons and evenings of Wednesday and Thursday, September 29 and 30.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. J. K. Macdonald's reception at Cona Lodge on Friday of last week was very largely attended and a most enjoyable affair. One reason for its being the advance event of the social season in that line was that Mr. Macdonald is leaving on a trip to the North-West, and Cona Lodge without its genial master would not seem natural. Mrs. Macdonald received in a very rich and handsome black satin gown trimmed with gold applique, a very elegant fancy. The house party were one and all indefatigable in attentions. The beautiful lawn was as green and soft as velvet, and the pretty garden full of autumn flowers, and grape-vines loaded with fruit. The Italian orchestra played under the trees. The afternoon was rather cool, and people lingered on the spacious veranda, where a buffet was laden with every dainty in solids and liquids, until it was hard to do more than watch out for collisions and stray ice-creams. Among the many present I noticed: The pastor of St. Andrew's and his bright, pretty wife, Mrs. McCaughan, Rev. Dr. Potts, Mrs. Potts, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, Lady Howland, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Delamere, Mrs. Black, the Misses Dallas, Mrs. William Laidlaw, Miss Laidlaw, Mrs. Ross Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Benjamin, Professor, Mrs. and Miss Maude Hirschfelder, Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Miss Lella MacKay, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Dr. and Mrs. Wishart, the Misses Harris, Mrs. and Miss Rosamund Fuller, Mrs. Darrell, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ferguson Darrell, Mr. and Mrs. W. Goulding, Dr. and Mrs. Graham, the Misses Graham, Miss Atwater, Mrs. and Miss Reed of Charles street, Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Miss Lee, Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson and Mrs. Henry Alley.

Mrs. Edward Fisher returned from Boston last week.

On Saturday afternoon, at half-past four, a very quiet little wedding procession came up the aisle of old St. James between the usual pews full of guests, who had been arriving for the past half-hour to witness the marriage of Miss Mab Stanton and Mr. Arthur T. Lawson. Mr. Eldridge Stanton, brother of the bride, was best man. The ushers preceded the bridesmaid, Miss Flossie Butler of Chatham, cousin of the bride, who wore a pretty brown suit and brown hat with pink trimmings, and carried a shower bouquet of pink roses. Miss Stanton was led by her father to the altar, and by him given away. She wore a lovely little traveling gown of nut-brown with Medici collar and vest of soft cream chiffon, and a large brown hat with plumes, and carried white roses. The Bishop-Rector performed the ceremony, and Mr. Anger presided at the organ, playing the Tannhauser and Lohengrin wedding music, with the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana, while the bridal party were signing the register in the vestry. Mr. and Mrs. Lawson drove directly from the church to the station, and no reception was held, but smiles and whispered congratulations met and followed the young couple as they went quietly down the aisle after the ceremony. On their return they will take up their residence at 35 Bernard avenue.

Mrs. Hamilton of Winnipeg, wife of a prominent citizen of the north city, is visiting Bishop and Mrs. Sullivan in Gerrard street.

The Argonauts rowed their races under difficulties on Saturday, a west wind that would raise one's hair blowing all the afternoon, and darkness falling before the races could be concluded. But though the weather affected the sport outside, it had the opposite effect on the merry crowd who footed it on the fine floor of the *salle de danse*, perched in sheltered corners or adjoined to the refreshment-room, (as usual, the gymnasium), where Webb's men had everything very nicely served. The prettiness and *chic* of the Toronto summer girls always glorify the Argonaut dance, and on Saturday were more evident than usual. Chaperones arrived with girls by the half-dozen, quite a few of the guests being visitors in Toronto. M. and Madame Cuyne of Paris came with Mr. and Mrs. Willie Goulding; Miss Sherwood of Peterborough was chaperoned by Mrs. Percy Galt, wife of the president; Miss Campbell, lately a very attractive member of the Beauty bridesmaids' party; Miss Magee of London, looking very smart in a little purple velvet, tight-fitting coat; Miss Gordon, grand-daughter of Sir Melville Parker, and Miss Kennedy of Cooksville, were some of the strangers who helped to make the *At Home* agreeable. Very good music was supplied by the Italians, and a great many of the dances were enjoyed. The gowns were all smart and becoming, and I particularly admired a sweet little frock, with black and white striped bodice, moulded faultlessly over the daintiest little figure in Toronto. Miss Thompson's gowns always look perfect. Miss Baldwin, tall and graceful, wore a bodice of white over pale green, and touches of black velvet, a white skirt and a very becoming hat; Mrs. W. Goulding wore a delicate Dresden silk and a large plumed hat; Mrs. S. S. Macdonald was in black, with vest of cream and gold; Mrs. Galbraith wore white *pique*, with scarlet tie; Miss Mary Reid looked sweetly pretty in *ecru* canvas over pale blue; Miss Scanlon, a small Hebe, was in hunter's green cloth suit; pretty Miss Murray wore a dainty organdie; Miss Yda Milligan was in quaker gray; Miss Florrie Patterson, who is always much in demand, wore a pale blue blouse and black skirt and hat; Madame Cuyne wore white canvas over pale blue, and white hat and plumes; Miss Olive Matthews wore a plaid silk blouse and dark skirt, and flower-crowned *chapeau*. A very girlish little matron was Mrs. Alfred Wright, in fawn, with roses in a smart little hat. Miss Hedley, Miss Cowan, Miss Maude Cowan, Miss Reid of Rosedale, who looked very handsome in a fall gown and large hat; Miss Evelyn Cox, in a pretty white frock with pink tie; Miss Antoinette Plumb, in a fawn frock, with cream vest and trimmings of brown satin; Miss Gzowski, in gray, with plaid shirt waist and round hat, and Messieurs Harry O'Reilly, Merrick, Muir, George Kerr, Castell Hopkins, the Misses Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. Frank McLean, Mr. Philip Palin, Mr. Rupert Muntz, Major Greville-Harston, Colonel

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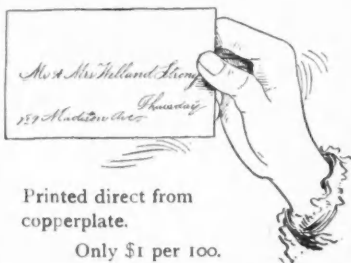
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Milligan, Mr. Alfred Wright, Mr. Harry Hees, Mr. Morison, Mr. Hammond, Mr. Harry Wyatt, Mr. Wynder Strathy, Mr. Eastmair, Mr. Brachaud and hosts of others were present.

Mr. George Hart was in town and returned to St. John this week. At first glances some of his friends failed to recognize him minus his mustache, but he is the same debonaire and gentlemanly George, with the right thing to say always at the tip of his tongue.

Professor Lou Stewart and his young wife (nee Greene of Orillia), are settled at 652 Euclid avenue, where Mrs. Stewart has been receiving this week on Thursday, yesterday and this afternoon.

The marriage of Miss Eleanor Dallas and Mr. Charles Peter of Winnipeg takes place on October 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ross have removed from 40 St. Vincent street to 35 St. Vincent, almost directly across the street. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parsons and their family have returned from the Island to nun ber 40.

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A GUEST OF GOD.

By E. F. Caius Cross.

THE lights burnt low on the altar, and humbly kneeling before the lights Brother Gabriel bowed and prayed, asking for light beyond them. Behind him the darkness had draped the church in gloom. Before him three candles cast light upon the shadows, feebly revealing in vaguest outline the chancel, the nave, the cross—and Brother Gabriel kneeling before it.

In humblest adoration he was kneeling, but in the holy place where holy visions come to the souls of those whose thoughts are holy, the thoughts of Brother Gabriel tended earthwards, and dreams of earth were blent with prayers for heaven, and hopes of future bliss and joys celestial were shadowed by a memory of dead days and vanished faces. And even as he knelt in adoration before the altar of the church, his thoughts passed out beyond the altar, beyond the church, beyond the chancel—his thoughts passed out and knelt as he was kneeling before the altar of a love departed, and he could see a quiet little cottage standing beside a quiet country road, and he could see a boy and a girl together playing before the cottage, side by side. They had been lovers in their childhood, and lovers till a year or two ago, when he, surrendering to the wishes of his parents and to a sense of deeper duty, had sacrificed his love to his devotion and entered on his studies for the priesthood.

And now he knelt, a priest, before the altar of his spiritual bride, and strove with inward wrestlings and stern submission to hide away his craving for the human and bury deep the memory of his love. He had thought it had been conquered long ago, that he had conquered it, and surrendered it, and trampled it underfoot, but the old love came back again to-night and he could see a face behind the candles. A year had passed since they had parted, and he had heard she was engaged to marry another—a wealthy and handsome suitor named Victor Morell. The match was a suitable one. Her parents decreed it and it was said he loved her passionately and took her love for granted. But she—did she remember? Did she forget? Ah, what a sacrifice it was to think these thoughts—and in this place!

Brother Gabriel told his beads and strove to drive the evil thoughts away, and it was consoling to him to reflect that he had never erred except in thought, and that he had ever lived a quiet, sinless life, shunning temptation, and ever devotional and abounding in good work. Not so was it with many others. Victor Morell, for example, who was addicted to drink, and gambled and smoked and neglected the church. He could never enter the eternal life, but Brother Gabriel, could he but erase one little sin of memory from his mind, was certain of his sainthood. Brother Gabriel bowed his head and prayed for Victor Morell.

"Hot Scotch."
"Whisky-and-soda."
"Old Irish."
"Lager."
"Whisky for me."
"Straight tip for Billy and cigars all around. Keep the change. Fill up, boys. Here's to you."

"Here's to Vic Morell. What's matter with Vic?"
"He's all right."
"You bet."

"For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
And he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny."

With uproarious unanimity the merry company in the bar-room of the Red Lion tavern placed on record their opinion of the merits of Victor Morell in the words of the good old song, in which none joined more heartily than the enthusiastic Victor himself, as he leaned against the bar waving his glass and smiling broadly his appreciation of the good judgment of his companions.

"It's all right, boys," he said, somewhat unsteadily. "Perfectly correct in every particular, but guess I'll have to go."

A roar of disappointment broke from the meeting.

"Stay with the game, Vic," cried a companion pathetically.

But the opposition of his companions only strengthened the somewhat nebulous intention of Mr. Victor to depart for regions unknown.

"Got to go," he said, winking mysteriously. "Serious business—very."

"It's the girl," said one of his companions.

"What's the matter with her?" queried Victor, turning suddenly on the crowd.

"She's all right," roared his companions, and he passed from the saloon to the tune of the enthusiastic chorus:

"She's a daisy,
She's a daisy, etc."

Mollified by this melodious tribute to his lady-love, Victor Morell staggered into the street. The cool night air, frosty and stinging, sobered him somewhat, and he vaguely realized that this was hardly the hour to visit his intended. Nevertheless, not caring to return and face the ridicule of his companions, he lit a new cigar and stalked majestically down the street in search of adventures. His mood at this moment was a decidedly amiable one. He felt friendly towards all the world. Everything impressed him very favorably. So far as he could see there was nothing the matter with anything or anybody, and everything was all right. He was surprised to observe that there were several moons in the sky, and that the sidewalk was inclined to be shaky, but still he made no complaint and assumed it was all for the best. The stars that twinkled in the sky; the snowflakes under his feet; the houses by the wayside, and everything, great and small, animate and inanimate, he reckoned among his friends. He was full of the joy of life, and living was perfect ecstasy. Though not of a religious nature, he was even prepared to extend his support and friendship to the old church which towered at the corner; and

when he saw a light twinkling up in the chancel window he determined at once to enter and assure the proprietor of his cordial and unqualified friendship. Softly advancing he opened the door and looked in. The body of the church was thick with darkness, but dimly burning upon the altar three candles cast a pale light into the gloom, making the long aisles and the altar plainly visible and revealing the dark figure of a priest who, apparently absorbed in his devotions, was kneeling motionless and praying before the mystic candle on the altar. A faint wave of incense carried his voice, strangely muffled, to the ears of his visitor.

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum benedicta, tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus; Sancta Maria Mater Dei.

The soul of Brother Gabriel was struggling with his flesh, and in the quiet hours of the night and strengthened by the sight of sacred things, his faith was winning battles from his love and hopes of future bliss were conquering ghoul of memory. Afar from men, communing with divinity, the spirit gathered strength to lose the world, and in a dream of higher beatitude he thrust away desire for the human and prayed for heavenly bliss and life immortal. He might forgive himself if God forgave him, and if forgetfulness were granted him in heaven his love would be well lost. And so with thoughts turned Godwards and soul exulting in renunciation, he dreamed of the life beatific and—

"Can I offer you a cigar?"

The priest looked up in horror and saw before him, standing on the altar, a handsome youth in gay apparel, a silk hat tilted back upon his head, and in his hand, extended toward Gabriel, a case with some cigars. This vision, so profane and sudden, arising apparently from the ground, seemed to the strained nerves of Brother Gabriel like some infernal supernatural visitation, and startled him with guilty recollection that there had been a grain of earth upon his spirit. Was it the devil come in human guise, as it was said he used at times to travel to tempt the wavering spirit from the church? The thought possessed the priest as, with force of full conviction and rising slowly to his feet and gripping tightly in his hand his crucifix, he held it sternly out towards the stranger, crying in thunder tones the exorcism: "*Retro Satanas!*"

A merry laugh rang through the church, but the stranger did not vanish, but with a look of huge amusement in his eyes, which even in the shadows seemed quite friendly, he sought to reassure the brother by remarking:

"I'm not Old Nick, me boy—only a sort of cousin—dropped in from the external region to offer you a cigar."

Brother Gabriel waved the gift away, viewing the donor still with eyes of horror.

"Satan or not," he answered sternly, "you are a child of his and have been guilty of a sacrilege in coming here to-night."

"Well, call it sin and be quick," answered the visitor genially. "It's all right anyway, and as you don't offer me a chair I guess I'll sit down here."

He sat solemnly down upon the altar steps, still puffing at his cigar and contemplating the priest with much interest.

"You look rather glum, old boy," he remarked sympathetically after a careful scrutiny. "Personally I feel gay."

"I am engaged in the duties of my sacred office, which keep me here to watch to-night," answered the priest with dignity. "Your presence here is a sacrilege, and you must depart at once."

"That's easier said than done," answered his companion amiably, "and I feel more like sitting than walking, but I will frankly confess to you I feel salubrious."

Brother Gabriel declined to answer, but, standing severely erect upon the altar, he still glared sternly at the intruder, who, whether owing to the solemnity of his surroundings or the contagious sobriety of the priest, seemed to be gradually becoming sober and passing from a convivial to a philosophic mood.

"Funny thing—life, ain't it?" he remarked genially to the priest.

"Life is a sacred thing to me," answered the churchman sternly, "but you may find it funny now. Hereafter in eternal tortures you will reap the fruit of your carnal enjoyment to-day."

"Indeed," said the visitor calmly. "Well, I find it very amusing at present."

"But when you come to see the face of death you will repent—too late."

"Death is the episode which I look forward to with much interest," said the sinner serenely, "but I don't complain of life. And, by the way, what should I repent?"

"Repent of your carnal wayment of life, your cigars, your liquors, your cards; repent of your surrender to the senses, your love of the world, your scorn of spiritual things."

"They all seem very minor sins," said Victor gaily, "and these are the little things that make one happy. The world is very beautiful and gay, but if you take away the flowers of joy, and drape the skies, and call all pleasure sin, why then I think it would be time to say farewell—good-bye to life, and take a quiet sleep beneath the grass."

"There is no sleep hereafter," said the priest, "but pain eternal for the souls who sought for joy on earth, and joy eternal for the whiter souls who did renounce the world, even as I."

A peal of mocking laughter rang through the church as the sinner rose to his feet and cast his cigar aside.

"What, you renounce the world! You have renounced nothing. How could you lose a thing you never found, or turn away from joys you never saw? What merit is there in renunciation that has not seen the thing which it renounced? The angels would disdain such craven conquest. Go out and see the world and then renounce it, if you can."

A troubled look crept into the eyes of the priest. Could it be true that he had conquered

only shadows? Yes, it was true. To see the world, to feel temptation, and looking into the very eyes of sin to turn aside—that was what God required. He had but wrestled with visions.

"Go out and see the world," cried his companion. "See the sweet world, the world of joy and laughter, taste the red wine—wine, the lips, the pain, the pleasure. Drink from the cup of life—life, purple, radiant; life as they live it out beyond the churches, where flowers bloom and bright stars glow and twinkle, and music, beautiful, profane, stirs the wild soul to rapture. Go out and see the world and then renounce it. You cannot, you dare not."

"I can! I dare!" cried Brother Gabriel, with the light of fanaticism in his eye as he glanced towards the door. He had fought with shadows too long. He longed to go out and meet a real temptation and conquer it.

The sinner was startled to be taken at his word, and suddenly a strange idea came to his mind. Let the priest go back to the tavern, and he would kneel a little while before his altar.

"We will change places for a time," he said. "You shall go forth a while and see the world, and I will be the guest of God to-night. Here, leave your gown and take my hat and coat. Go out and see the merry world this merry Christmas Eve, and then renounce it—if you dare."

The lights burnt low on the altar and the sinner knelt before the cross and smiled—smiled as he thought of Brother Gabriel brought face to face with all the world's delight. How different was that world from this dark temple, where the shadows had gathered so thickly, oppressing the spirit with gloom. He was stifled by the incense, and the white light of the candles hurt his eyes, which loved to gaze upon the sweet stars shining. And yet there was a strange, delicious pleasure in kneeling here before the quiet candles and resting far away from all the bustle, the noise, the turmoil and the endless striving of the wild world outside. A sense of spiritual isolation, of mental peace and moral exaltation stole softly on his soul, and he could almost think the darkness kindly that it concealed him from the storms outside.

"I could renounce them all," he muttered softly. "I think I could renounce them all but one—she, never!"

"Gabriel!"

A cold shiver ran through the form of the sinner as a voice fell on his ear—a thin, girl's voice rising vaguely out of the body of the church and floating towards the altar, and lifting up his eyes he saw a shadow pass up the aisle and glide towards the chancel.

"Gabriel," said the shadow, "are you there? I am Marie."

"Marie!" Victor shuddered—his sweetheart—here—at night. What did it mean, and what was she to Gabriel?

He bowed his head and did not answer, seeming absorbed in prayer, but she glided up the altar steps and stood beside the altar.

"Gabriel, you must fly quickly," she said. "My father, who wishes me to marry Victor for his money, has quarreled with me to-day. I told him I loved only you and would have no other, and he swears he will kill you. O, you know his temper. I saw him at the tavern as I came. He knows that you are here, and he is coming. O Gabriel, if you love me hide somewhere."

The head of the sinner was bowed in his hands. He did not answer. The joy of his life had suddenly gone out, and somewhere near his heart a little chord—a chord that once made music—snapped. What did it matter? It seemed the love of his soul had never loved him. What did anything matter now? Vaguely he thought of Brother Gabriel.

"He has gone forth to meet the world," he muttered, "and lo! his world has come to seek him here."

"O God!" shrieked Marie. "Fly, Gabriel. Here he comes—he is coming."

A smothered curse at the door of the church as someone stumbled over the entrance confirmed her statement. A man had entered the door and, glancing sternly about him a moment, strode fiercely up the aisle.

"O, you are there," he muttered fiercely, "together by—Brother Gabriel, I want my daughter."

The figure kneeling before the altar had drawn the woman to him.

"I am Victor," he whispered hoarsely in her ear. "Gabriel is at the Red Lion tavern. Now run away my pretty love-bird and find your mate and make him happy. You give him love and I will give him life, and he will not renounce the world again. Run quickly. I will explain to Robert—and to God."

She turned and fled through the door of the chancel.

"Are you Gabriel?"

A passion-torn face rose up before him and a hand with a revolver met his eye.

"I am Gabriel."

A shot rang through the church, and with that splendid lie upon his lips the Guest of God entered a higher mansion.

"What's the matter with Vic Morell?"

"He's all right."

"Oh, he's a jolly good fellow,
And he's a jolly good fellow,
He's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny."

The chorus rang out through the tavern, and to a man and a woman passing by there seemed to be an echo from the angels in the skies.

The lights burnt low on the altar, and softly resting before the lights the body of the sinner lay in peace, but the soul of the sinner saw a light beyond the lights that burnt upon the altar.

With Invalids.

Yes! with invalids the appetite is capricious and needs coaxing, that is just the reason they improve so rapidly under Scott's Emulsion, which is as palatable as cream.

One peculiar feature of the tea trade is the fact that "Salada" Ceylon Tea shows the retailer a smaller profit than any other tea he sells, most other teas giving him as much as six cents a pound more profit. Yet, notwithstanding this fact, nine out of ten grocers prefer selling "Salada" to any other tea, experience having taught them that there is no tea that satisfies the consumer as "Salada" does.

"'Tis the desert that graces all the feast,
for an ill end disparages the rest."

—(Art of Cookery.)

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The Future in the Present.

The Youth's Companion.

To predict the future is not altogether an occult science. It sometimes requires no more than a careful look at the present, and a fair exercise of the reasonable faculties, to decide accurately what will take place in the future.

When King Gustavus Adolphus saw a Swedish boy fall out of a window, and heard him utter no cry of pain, though he was seriously hurt, he admiringly and thoughtfully remarked: "That boy will make a man for an emergency."

The prophecy was fulfilled. The boy became the famous General Banér.

Scarcely less clearly did the action of John Davy, the composer of the famous song, The Boy of Biscay, indicate in childhood what was to be expected of him in the future. He lived in the days when genius was not fostered, and his love of music found no ordinary means of gratifying itself. But a musical instrument the boy must have, and though he was but six years of age, he constructed one.

It was merely a collection of horseshoes. The boy obtained twenty or thirty horseshoes, and from these selected such as would form a complete scale, and having suspended them in an upper room, gratified himself by imitating upon them the chimes of the neighboring church.

By the use of this primitive musical instrument, and later on by other means, he obtained a knowledge of music which thirty years after enabled him to produce works that made him known to the world.

It would have taken scarcely more than ordinary perceptions to tell what was to be expected in the future of a certain German boy who sat one day reading a "blood-and-thunder" novel. He was enjoying the excitement of the book. But in the midst of it he said to himself:

"Now this will never do. I get too much excited over such books as these. I can't study so well after. So here goes!"

With that he flung the book into the river. Men knew the lad later on as Fichte, the great German philosopher.

A Public Benefactor.

Judge.

Mr. Smithkins (drawing up his will)—To the Pokeville Home for Incurables I leave and bequeath the sum of \$10,000; to the Pokeville Orphan Asylum, \$40,000; to the Pokeville Baptist church, \$5,000; to start a town library in the town of Pokeville, \$10,000; to the—

Mrs. Smithkins—Goodness me! Are you crazy? You ain't worth ten cents, and you know it.

Mr. Smithkins—Oh, shut up and lemme alone! I'm going to take this will around to the president of the Pokeville National Bank and have him witness it. I've got to overdraw my account there for \$27 next week.

She Proved It.

Cleveland Leader.

He—Goethe says energy will do anything that can be done in this world.

She—I don't believe it. Indeed, I know that it isn't so.

He—Why, how?

She—You have displayed the utmost energy all evening in attempting to find another hair in your moustache, and I can tell by your look that you haven't done it.

A Gifted Son of Nova Scotia.

Canadian Gazette.

"Sam Slick's" son is no longer Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War. He has just returned from service on attaining his sixty-fifth year. His retirement, says one journal, which speaks with knowledge, "removes a man who has unquestionably been one of the great officials of his time and one of the true governors of England. A strong man, Conservative, but neither a Jingo nor an unprogressive official, Sir Arthur, with some faults,

was a man of the stuff of which rulers are made." And do not forget that Sir Arthur is a Nova Scotian. They are brainy folk down by the sea.

A Long Walk.

Indianapolis Journal.

Watts—Oh, come, now; you can't make me believe that it is fifteen minutes' walk from your front door to the gate.

Figgs—Well, I know it takes Laura and her young man that long when he starts home.

"Oh!"

Sheep in Wolf's Clothing.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wallace—I didn't know you rode a wheel.

Ferry—I don't.

"Then what are you wearing knickerbockers and a sweater for?"

"To keep the fool bicycle riders from running over me. They think I'm one of 'em."

Pretty Fly.

Detroit Journal.

"I want a suit I can fly around in," said the woman who had just come in.

"Here's something gnaty," said the pale tradesman, who was not above being funny when he was in no danger of being found out.

Sadly Misunderstood.

Judge.

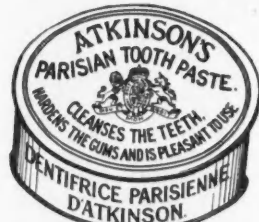
Lieutenant Beery—Oh, what shall I do? I've lost my bearings, kind sir.

Esquimaux Chief—There's a repair shop just around the iceberg.

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—Lancet.

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Toronto has been very much in the eye of Washington during the summer now nearly ended. One of the dailies gave several columns each issue to the proceedings of the Epworth Convention in Toronto, from which the Washington members have returned with golden opinions of the Queen City. The local baseball team, though making a sensational finish, has not been a matter of much pride to the Washington enthusiasts, and they have transferred their praise to the Toronto team, in which the "Senators" have an interest. The arrest in Toronto of the defaulting negro, while it probably had little attention in Toronto, brought the Maple Leaf police into a comparison odious to the local "blue-coats," who have a fugitive from justice still at large in the city. It might also be noted that after the preliminary notice of the international cricket match, subsequent news items were relegated to out-of-the-way places.

"Shall I repeat it, my lord?" Nelson answered: "No, acknowledge it," and asked in a minute, "Is number sixteen still aloft?" This number signified "for close action," and

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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THE bill of fare which that experienced and able restaurateur, Manager Sheppard, presents to his friends this week, is in sharp contrast to the stately repast to which he invited them on the occasion of Miss Mather's recent visit. The Mysterious Mr. Bugle is to Cymbeline what a dinner according to French notions is to one after the English fashion; the one is a substantial affair, built up of mighty joints and toothsome puddings, and the other is a light confection of trifles, pretty and delicate no doubt, but hardly the thing for a solid meal for a hungry man.

It was impossible to avoid making some mental notes of the differences in methods of construction employed in the older comedies and those which are nowadays considered successful pieces of this class. I do not speak of the distinctive excellencies of dialogue and plot that spring from and are due to the wonderful genius of the author of Cymbeline, but rather of the rough work of construction, the building of the frame, so to speak, without taking into account in any way the delicacy of the ornamentation or the proportionate beauty of the finished building.

The humorous features of comedy are always based upon a misunderstanding, and the audience, having the key, is amused to watch the subsequent actions of certain of the characters, who have not. But such misunderstandings must be reasonable; deception must rest upon some foundation of truth, however slight; a direct misstatement in the face of absolutely contradictory facts will not serve, and is childish and unprofitable. Take one incident from each play as an example of perfect and imperfect construction in this respect. When the Roman traitor returns with proofs of Imogen's unfaithfulness, he describes with accuracy various features concerning the decorations and arrangement of her chamber; he produces the bracelet which Leonatus gave her, and says with strict truth, "I had it from her arm," though conveying thereby a very incorrect impression to her lover. Then he describes the mole upon her breast, and though the audience know perfectly that Imogen is not dishonored, her lover does not know it and cannot but believe the proofs presented to him. But nowadays we have learned to be satisfied with very much less and are quite accustomed to a plot proceeding upon misrepresentation to which the author does not trouble to give even the semblance of reality. When a lover picks up a still warm cigar in the chamber of his lady it is enough for him to be told that the lady is newly addicted to the tobacco habit, and that she talks in her sleep to be a sufficient explanation of the fact that he overhears her in conversation with someone else. All this is clumsy, but notwithstanding its monstrosities of construction there is that in The Mysterious Mr. Bugle that is very, very attractive. The situations are interesting and novel, and though the author has not been kind to the leading lady, this difficult and trying part was admirably taken by Miss Gretchen Lyons and was rendered in a manner that won for her many golden opinions.

The part of Tom Pollinger, in which Mr. Holland appeared to great advantage, is one which is very susceptible of exaggeration, but, to his credit be it said, Mr. Holland did not overdo it. The jealous impetuosity of a lover is a somewhat tiresome characteristic as a rule, and is rather likely to become wearisome. It knows no law; it has no bounds; and there is neither rhyme nor reason in that period of temporary insanity that is said to come to men often and to women but once. But it has a purifying and chastening influence, and after the eruptive stage is over there is no man nor woman but is the better for the experience.

"It is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.
But it is also very much better to love and not lose, and I fancy that the thousands of Tom Pollingers who play their parts off the stage are just the sort of fellows that make ideal husbands.

On the whole The Mysterious Mr. Bugle is a splendid comedy, bright, lively and interesting, and ought to draw well wherever presented. As a curtain-raiser Old Chums, an amusing comedy sketch in one act by Thayer Smith, is given, which puts the audience in thorough

good humor and ready to enjoy the rest of the bill.

One cannot but pity the man who professes to be unable to enjoy good comedy. This is often the result of mere affectation, but occasionally one meets a person who has permitted himself to be so engrossed with the serious business of life that he has smothered in a cloud of business cares all the faculties that tend more than anything else to ease the weight of advancing years. It is obviously a great mistake to rush through life as though one's sole object was to get to the far end of it as fast as possible; but some do so, and it is not always strictly correct to reckon one's age from the date of one's birth. He who has lost the faculty of enjoyment, no matter how long or how short the time that he has been in losing it, is old—so old that advancing years can do nothing to make him any older. The faculty of enjoyment was the first he exercised; it is the last that he loses. Ere he could speak he blinked his infant eyes in silent rapture at the antics of a jumping-jack; and when jumping-jacks of larger growth took the place of those of his first acquaintance, his enjoyment of the more manly pleasures of later years evidenced the existence of a soul alive to a wider world than its own. With advancing knowledge he may learn to teach, but it is ill for him when he forgets to learn. Intellectual satiety is the border-land of barrenness, and he who has outgrown the faculty for enjoyment and can no longer receive that which his mental digestion can most easily assimilate, has ceased to live and merely exists. Where no light from without is, the light that is within is darkness. The lights are out; the orchestra is silent. Ring down the curtain; dismiss the players; the play need not go on, for the braves that echo down the aisles are but voices of the past, and vanished audiences clap their ghostly hands in mute approval of that which has been and is not. The present is dead. Long live the Past!

The Toronto Opera House is dark this week owing to the failure of The New Congressman to put in an appearance.

For Fair Virginia will be put on at the Grand next week with Mr. and Mrs. Russ-Whitall in the leading roles.

Joe Flynn in McGinty the Sport will appear at the Toronto Opera House next week.

Miss Lilli Kleiser, the well known soprano, has returned to Toronto after a prolonged absence in the United States, where she studied for a considerable time under Mr. William Courtney, the famous teacher and singer of New York City. Miss Kleiser has appeared at many important concerts in the larger cities on the other side, and has won flattering encomiums for her artistic work. She has decided to remain in Toronto for the season and will be heard at a number of our principal concerts.

The Cummings Stock Company is billed to present a series of plays at the Princess Theater during the next four weeks. It is gratifying to know that the Princess will not be idle, and doubly satisfactory to know that some really good attractions will be on at that pretty theater during the next month.

W. Frederic Conger, formerly of Toronto, is now playing with the Music Hall Stock Company of Buffalo, where he will remain until December, when he will join the Columbia Theater Stock Company in St. Louis.

Haddon Chambers and Comyns Carr have had their new melodrama, In the Days of the Duke, produced at the Adelphi Theater, and it was given an enthusiastic reception. The period of the play is just previous to the Battle of Waterloo and the morning after the battle. It was gorgeously mounted. The third act is a representation of the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond in Brussels, the night before the battle.

Katharine Gray has made a hit in A Southern Romance, which was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York. The play is said to be in the same class as Alabama, and its plot is described as "limpid as a mountain stream."

Fanny Davenport has all along kept the name of the author of her new play a secret. It is now hinted that the author is none other than the actress herself.

Joe Flynn comes to town heralded as one of the best eccentric comedians on the road.

SPORTING COMMENT

The several fifteens of the three city clubs entered in the O.R.F.U. series have been hard at work practicing for the past two weeks, and are now beginning to get into comparatively good shape, that is, so far as condition is concerned. Of course only preliminary work has been indulged in as yet, and the more important feature of coaching the teams into a definite system of play has yet to be approached. Two practice matches are to be held to-day, after which, no doubt, the first and second teams of the three clubs will be picked. Hamilton is coming down to play T.A.C. Lorne, and Varsity will meet Osgoode Hall. All the practices are being well attended; indeed, the management of one or two of the clubs are rather embarrassed by the wealth of undeveloped material laid before them. On several occasions I have noticed more than thirty men practicing at once. Now, notwithstanding the fact that no captain likes to turn men away from a practice, he should be firm on this point and not allow more than two full teams to be on the field at one time. No half-back line can form anything like an effective combination when hampered by three or four extra wings, for the simple reason that they are invariably tackled as soon as they get the ball and have no chance whatever to run. Osgoode Hall is making great efforts to get together a team, and is meeting with fair success. Their forward line should be good, strengthened as it is by Flood and Kingstone of last year's T. A. C. team, who are slated to play inside wings, but behind the

line the team seems to be rather weak. McMurich is a rather light man for quarter-back, and the half-backs who have turned out so far, with the exception of Kingstone, do not seem to be up to "senior" mark. Strathy at full-back is a good punter and sure tackle. The near vicinity of Osgoode's grounds and dressing-rooms to the city gives that club a great advantage over the others, and several good men, who otherwise would be out of the game, are on this account enabled to turn out. Several of the old Lorne men have gone over to Osgoode, thinking that their chances of getting on the team of a new club were better than if they stayed with the old one, but the great bulk of the Lorne have remained faithful to the amalgamation. The management of the various teams have this year been decidedly hampered in their plans by the non-appearance at practice of several men who were expected to turn out. This dilatoriness is undoubtedly caused by the fact that there are two new senior teams, and the players are waiting to see which way the cat will jump. It is my opinion that if a man intends to play Rugby he should commence early in the season, and if possible attend every practice of his club. If all the players did this, the contests in the first round of the Union ties would be better worth watching. Some men, of course, expect to get on a team on account of their reputation, whether they turn out to practice or not, but it has been proved time and time again that a fair player in good condition is more than a match for a star who has had no practice, and I understand that this year teams are to be picked on form shown in practice only. There is no reason why a team should not play its first O. R. F. U. game with every man in good condition and the combination perfected; the number of men hurt in the opening games would thus be lessened, and the game immensely improved from a spectacular point of view.

Although we have not had any international cup races in Toronto during the past season, there has been some very exciting racing by the new seventeen-foot-skiff class of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. This class, which is practically a "one-design" class, was organized last winter and an order placed with Gilbert of Brockville for six skiffs of exactly the same design. Warren of Toronto also built one of somewhat different type, and later on in the season Aykroyd turned out one very similar to the Gilbert boat, only considerably lighter. The first race between these small craft was looked forward to with a great deal of interest, principally on account of Archibald, the champion canoe sailor, taking part. The result of this race was that Mr. Archibald came in first, as



Two-Step.
Mr. E. Wedd's 17-foot Skiff.

was also the case in the second race, the wind blowing very strong both times. In the third race, however, there was a change, and the Aykroyd boat, sailed by R. T. Cuff, got around the course first. This was the first appearance of Aykroyd's boat, and she sailed a grand race. The next two races, the last of the series, were won by Messrs. Wedd & Smith's Two-Step, sailed by E. Wedd, this skiff also winning the Harman cup for the best average during the season. Her record for the five races is as follows: 1st race, fourth; 2nd race, third; 3rd race, second; 4th race, first; 5th race, first. Both the Two-Step and Mr. Archibald's boat were built by Gilbert.

The Public school games were held on the Exhibition track and lawn last Saturday afternoon. The same programme was run off on Jubilee day, but that, it seems, was an extra event by way of celebrating the longest reign. Few were aware that there was anything in the shape of games going on last Saturday afternoon, and consequently there was a very poor crowd. There is a matter in connection with these games to which, I think, it is time attention should be drawn. The boys themselves are aware of it, but that peculiarly shaped sense of honor among boys prevents it from becoming generally known. I refer to the practice of lads entering races from which their age should rightly debar them. I had heard of several cases of this dishonesty in the Jubilee school games, and indeed there has always been grumbling among the boys on this score. On Saturday I watched the different races to see if these over-age entries were apparent to the observer. In some of the hundred-yard events were youths who towered head and shoulders above the rest. They may have been of the right age; indeed they probably were, for their very size would cause their years to be looked into and render it extremely difficult for them to evade the officials. It is rather amongst the undersized boys that the blame lies—tough, wiry little fellows who naturally make the best runners in any case, and who by competing with boys of their own size, but a year or two younger, have things all their own way. Several of these were pointed out to me by those who should know, and the best of it is, none know the facts better than those who have to race against the cheats. This is especially hard in the races where a handicap is imposed on all over a certain age. In this the honest man is scratched and has to see fellows of his own age, and just as fast as he is, given a start on him. Anyone can see that if the idea once becomes current among the young that the honest man is "scratched" in this world, harm will result. In the bicycle two-mile event there was a handicap of 25 yards for every year a rider's age exceeded

fifteen. It's rather a delicate matter, but I'm told that in this event there should have been more than one man on scratch, or at any rate that several of the riders should have been at least 25 yards back of where they were. However, 25 yards doesn't make a great deal of difference in a two-mile event on a slow track; the scratch man caught the limit man in the first quarter, and the whole field was bunched before the end of the first lap. The principle is nevertheless just as far wrong, though the result be unaltered, and more care should be taken in looking up the ages of competitors in these games. These boys will soon be scattered through all branches of sport and should carry honest principles away from school games with them.

Last week I failed to call the turn in speaking of the Capital-Shamrock match at Montreal. How the Capitals managed to win is still somewhat difficult to comprehend, as the Shamrocks have been playing much better lacrosse, and had the advantage of playing the match on their own grounds. The victory of the Capitals has made it advisable for the Torontos to play the match with that club which it had been decided to call off, and if Toronto succeeds in winning, the Capitals and Shamrocks will require to play again for the championship. The Capitals will come up and play at Rosedale on October 2, and the Toronto team will, I believe, be greatly strengthened for the occasion by the addition of some well known players who (without prejudice) will wear Toronto colors for the nonce.

The Canadian Lacrosse Association is plainly bent upon destroying itself. The most remarkable things have happened this season, and though President Craig may be able to justify the decisions handed down in the various disputes, he must be ready to confess his unbounded astonishment at the tangles an honest executive can create. Very few of the leading clubs in the C. L. A. have failed to violate the rules, and if the president enforces the regulations he must annul nearly every game played if protests are entered properly. This means that the rules are not suited to the practices of the average club, and so next year there must be new rules, or lacrosse must be supplied with a new conscience.

The Stars of Mimico have won the championship in the Toronto senior lacrosse league after a lot of keenly-contested matches which attracted little attention from lovers of the game. The Torontos and the Tecumsehs might find in this league some promising recruits, and it is rather surprising that the two big clubs have altogether ignored games played almost under their noses, in which much clever work was done. The average age of the Mimico Stars is under twenty years, yet the team won fourteen consecutive matches without a single loss, and during the season scored 79 goals against 19 scored by their opponents. Lacrosse in Toronto will be weak until there is better system of using minor clubs as feeders for the big ones.

The entries for the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association games at Rosedale this afternoon include the following names: B. J. Wefers, M. W. Long, E. B. Bloss, J. F. Craig, G. W. Orton, W. B. Rogers and J. H. Thompson of the New York Athletic Club, who will compete in the track events; J. L. Hurlbut, Irving K. Baxter, John Flannigan, Richard Sheldon, Chas. Chadwick, Walter C. Carol of the same club, who are entered in the jumps, as is W. B. Rogers; H. E. Marvel, New Jersey Athletic Club; Jas. W. Folds, J. G. McArthur, Olympic Athletic Club, Winnipeg; Geo. Stephen, Alex. Brodie, S. A. Finley, H. R. McDonald of Montreal; Alex. Grant of St. Marys; A. C. Caldwell of Galt; Jas. Peaire of Hamilton; A. P. Biggar, Robt. Campbell, Geo. Smith, Wm. Patterson, Donald Sinclair, D. Wilson, W. F. Hubbard, A. R. Williams, F. G. Webber, H. Gill, J. A. Knox and R. Thompson of Toronto clubs. This promises to be the greatest athletic meet we have yet had in Toronto.

Manager Irwin required some courage to go into the Eastern League this season, under the circumstances as he found them. The town had been rather discredited in baseball. He carried his team to the Island, and the public prophesied that it would prove a failure. He has, however, made perhaps the biggest success in the League. Beginning with about twenty defeats in succession, he closes the year in second place, and now has to play in the Steiner Cup series. It is not quite plain on the face of it, why the Torontos, after crawling from the bottom to the top, fell back into second place, and the bad beginning made at the outset of the season really offers no excuse for this. The Torontos at one time seemed able to win any game with ease, but towards the end scarcely broke even with some of the tail-enders. However, as a matter of fact, the club is to be congratulated upon failing to get the pennant, as, had it done so, we should have demanded too much next year, and the club which wins the pennant one season seldom does well, financially or otherwise, the next.

Tom Cooper was formerly a drug clerk and earned \$12 a week, while last year he cleared over \$12,000 over and above all expenses as a bicycle racer. Bald worked in his father's butcher shop, and this year as a racer he expects to earn a total of \$20,000. Walter Sanger's father was a lumber merchant of Wisconsin, as well as a politician of some note, but he lost all his money by forest fires. Sanger was able by his racing not only to support the family, but also to keep paid-up life insurance policies for \$200,000 on his father's life. The elder Sanger died recently and his son and family have come into possession of the insurance, which the riding of "Wooden Shoes" prevented from lapsing. It is estimated that Fred Lough-head of Sarnia will make \$5,000 this year as a racer.

Frank Erne and Jim Popp will meet in a boxing contest at the Athletic Club on Saturday evening, October 2. Popp, as a professional boxer, is better known away than in Toronto, where he lives, and he will prove clever enough to keep Erne guessing.

A Tilburyite had a pocket picked of four dollars in a Toronto departmental store last week. —Tilbury Times.

The Fall Race Meet.



THE presence of the greatest number of good race-horses ever brought together at any running meeting ever held in Canada, is a proof of the magnitude of the meet now being held at Woodbine Park.

The Ontario Jockey Club and its sister organization, the Toronto Hunt, both have wide reputations as reliable institutions, and in point of patronage Toronto does not take second place to any city in America. The Woodbine race course has frequently had within its gates crowds just as large, and if anything more fashionable than those in attendance at the great race courses of the East.

All that is wanted now is fine weather, and in this matter we can only hope for the best, for the season of unsettled weather has arrived. One of the chief faults in Toronto is that the spring meeting is held too early and the fall meeting too late.

Heretofore the autumn meeting has been looked upon by outside horsemen as a trivial affair, and, in fact, that is what it has been, for local horses had to be depended upon to furnish the sport. This year, however, it is vastly different. The management saw a chance and jumped at it. The big Fort Erie meeting, which has attracted many of the best horses in the United States, closed on Thursday. Had the Toronto Hunt made out its programme the same as last year it is not likely that any of those horses would have been shipped here, but the duration of the meet was increased to seven days, and a decision was quickly arrived at to have \$300 the minimum size for purses. The effect was magical. Telegrams commenced pouring in to the secretary from all the big owners asking for accommodation. Such famous turfmen as Edward Corrigan, the Morris Bros., and Michael Dwyer decided to ship their horses here by express immediately after the close of the Fort Erie races, and the result is that there are at Woodbine to-day more and better race-horses than were ever seen in the history of the running turf in Canada.

And the obstacles against which the management had to contend were great. Here were four hundred horses on the way, with accommodation for only about two hundred and fifty. You cannot put a valuable race-horse in a tumble-down shed at this time of the year. The risk is too great and owners will not stand it, so Secretary Houston started out to hire all the stables in the vicinity. Twenty of the Seagram colts were moved up to the old Newmarket track, to make room for the visitors, and all the open driving-sheds in and about the course were boarded up and converted into fairly comfortable box-stalls.

Along came the horses with their countless attendants. The average Toronto race-goer never saw such a sight before, and it made the oldest rail-bird almost dizzy in trying to keep tab on the scores of thoroughbreds as they jogged around the track in the morning. The speculator will find this a hard meeting. Up to this time all he has had to do was to find out if possible which horse Seagram intended winning with, and to keep his eyes open for some possible outsider that might upset the plans of the Waterloo turfman, but now he has to deal with horses from the east, south and west, his acquaintance with which has been formed principally by reports read in the newspapers.

Besides this, he has to figure out what possibly may be done by some of the Canadian bang-tails. About the best of the latter just now is Dr. Andrew Smith's Kapanga colt. He is sleek and in racing trim, and will turn a trick before the meeting closes. Then there are the Hendrie horses. Dunbar looks well, and so does that unreliable Himyar, Looman. Harvey, the crack two-year-old of the string, may not be able to start. With many other good horses, he went wrong at Saratoga. His trainer told me that \$37,000 worth of horses were laid up at the Springs in one week.

A. M. Orpen has nine colts, among them Mongolian, whose sensational performances at Fort Erie were favorably commented on by both the United States and Canadian press.

The present rush of horses will probably show the Ontario Jockey Club the absolute necessity of increasing stable room. The officials claim that they do not wish to erect any more buildings on leasehold property, but this seems a rather lame excuse to be put forth by such a wealthy corporation.

It will be pleasant news to learn that His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick will be able to attend. He and Lady Kirkpatrick will occupy the principal box on the members' stand, and a prominent box has also been reserved for Sir Nowell Salmon.

Captain and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will also attend, Major and Mrs. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrie and the Misses Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy. Mr. George Beardmore will drive down every day with his four-in-hand, and Sir Frank Smith will entertain a large number of friends in his usual hospitable way. In the stand will be seen all the latest fashions, spring costumes giving place to those of the deeper, richer tones of autumn.

Miss Cawthra, a skilled rider and an enthusiastic horsewoman, will start Vista in the Novice Hunters' dash. D. L. McCarthy, Dr. Capon, J. S. Johnston, J. D. Holland and George Beardmore will also have horses in this race. Mr. Fred Beardmore will be here from Montreal to pilot Mr. George Beardmore's horse.

The lawn at Woodbine has been thoroughly overhauled, and with the clean fences and stands presents a pretty appearance. Street cars, as usual, will run right into the grounds. Mr. Briggs has cared for the track and steeple-chase field diligently, and both are in superb condition, so that it is almost a certainty that track records will go by the board, especially as so many high-class horses are here.

The Toronto Hunt is deserving of patronage for furnishing such good sport to the horse-loving people of Toronto, and the Queen City is one which will show its appreciation by making the meeting a success financially as the Hunt has made it in every other way.

JOHN F. RYAN.

A Question of Fools.

IT is just after you strike off Dingwall Cover on to the shore road that the sea breeze has a chance to damage your toilet or the mumbly surf to grow monotonous. Low, grayish-white clouds kept shooting across the moon's face, but not long enough to keep the woods from appearing very black on the one side, and the white line of tide from looking like a bank of shoveled snow on the other. I allowed my mare to sink into a walk. Poor old girl, she was growing stiff, so I humored her. She served me well in the Charnley Riots fifteen years ago.

I was mid-way across the stretch and relapsing into a half-doze, thanks to the Colonel's excellent punch, when a sound rang through the cool midnight that made me urge Flora into the shadow of the woods, and listen. After a few minutes it came again, as of passionate sobbing, punctuated by flying foot-falls, which would stop short, as if the originator had fallen over a precipice. For a while there was silence, only broken by an owl's hoot or the whir of a bat as it brushed by my face. Then again came the curious noise accompanied by the pattering footsteps; this time so near that I peered expectantly down the road, and next up at the moon, to see whether—but a cloud anticipated me, and everything was black and still again.

Two or three minutes elapsed in stillness, during which Flora edged out on the road. When the clouds parted I blinked down the white stretch and made out the figure of a man, stooping low, running and then doubling back over his tracks. As I looked he paused, and throwing himself on a log burst out into loud weeping. It was a queer picture, and I could not suppress a laugh as I gave the mare a cut and trotted up until I came abreast of the man on the log. He could not have heard me, for it was not until I was beside him that he jerked back his head. At the sight of me a sickly pallor spread over his face, intensified by the moonlight, which showed up cruelly the glistening tears that ran down his cheeks. We looked at each other, then with a quick bound he was on his feet and had hold of my rein.

"Did you find them?" he panted eagerly, and his loose, ponderous jaw quivered with some powerful emotion.

"Find what?" I said, covertly feeling a better balance with my riding-crop.

He let go the rein with a groan.

"The papers, the papers!" he moaned, starting to trot about the road again, his head jerking about like a suspicious bird and his black professional coat raising spurs of dust.

"What shall I do? Oh, what a fool!" he sobbed. "Ruined, utterly ruined, do you hear?" and his voice, rising higher and higher, culminated in a wail as he sat himself down on the ground and rocked to and fro.

"Come, man, brace up. What are the papers?" I asked, dismounting and shaking him by the shoulder.

"The papers!" he yelled, springing to his feet. "They are my reputation, my name, my—What!" and he made a quick snatch at my side pocket, pulling out a copy of the *Traveler*.

"What the devil—" I began, but the light had already died out of his eyes, and mumbled apologies, he handed it back, letting his arms fall wearily over the mare's saddle, and allowing me to judge only by his shaking shoulders whether he was in a spasm of grief or hilarity. I remained silent, and not a little bewildered, hardly knowing whether to take him as a disaster-stricken man or one who was playing a deep game.

"Where did you lose your papers?" I ventured at length, addressing the back of his head.

"Between here and the village," he said agitatedly, facing around quickly and giving me a square glance for about the first time.

"Go back and you are very likely to find them then. I don't fancy anyone has been along for some hours except myself."

"Go back!" he cried. "I've covered the d—road three times—three times," holding up a large white hand and checking the number off on his fingers. "Three times, and not a sign of them. What shall I do? I must find them or I'm ruined, disgraced," and he dropped his chin on his breast, the perspiration streaming down his face and mingling with half-dried tears.

I pitied the man, on my soul I did. He appeared so perfectly genuine. His papers, whatever they might be, were gone; his nerve was gone, and his whole being was swallowed up in the knowledge of a dire calamity. I led Flora off the road and tied her rein to a maple.

"Now," I said, "you take one half of the road and I'll take the other. Are you ready? But, wait; what are they like, these papers?"

He looked at me doubtfully, with a glance full of suspicion, then he was off running along as at first, only now he kept cocking his head over his shoulder to see that I was following. I took the other side of the road and started. Egad! but we must have looked strange, we two, as we got over the ground, my companion alternately walking and running, always bent high double, and now and then giving vent to half-smothered cries; I striding along at a gait which, at my time of life, was unwarrantable, with eyes riveted to the ground and praying that I might sight the miserable papers.

This continued for half an hour, when we began to draw near the village. Everything was much stiffer now. The boom of the surf had grown faint, and the wind was lost in the woods behind. My companion, too, had subsided, and it was only by an occasional half-suppressed sob, which would mingle with the hoarse peep of a night-hawk, that I knew he was beside me, for during the last few minutes clouds had obscured the moon. We turned the last bend and came sharply on the village, lying asleep in the hollow, silent and dark, except where a dim light marked a late householder. My companion stopped abruptly, and the moon reappearing showed him in a state of utter collapse in the dust.

"Get up, you fool," I said angrily, beginning to be disgusted with his lack of stamina.

"I had them here," he burst out. "This was the last place. They are gone, don't you see? They're gone, and I'm ruined; when everything was so bright and promising. What am I to do? Tell—"

"For heaven's sake, man, hush!" I cried irritably, giving a flat stone an impatient kick.

The stone was much lighter than I thought, and rising off the ground struck the dejected figure before me on the leg. The fellow started and looked up. I was about to apologize when I saw him stoop slowly down and, when his hand had closed over the object, as slowly rise to his feet, his fingers clutching a bundle of blue papers. He looked at me, very white in the face, his lower jaw twitching convulsively, then, as I stepped forward to congratulate him, he turned without a word and flew back down the road at the top of his speed. I waited until the sound of his footsteps, growing faint in the distance, had ceased, and I too turned and followed, but at a more moderate pace.

I am afraid I swore as much as a man of five and forty is permitted, as I trudged grimly back. To tell the truth, my mind was in a sort of whirl and it was not until I untied Flora and mounted that the thought occurred to me, "Why had this man passed by such an unimportant factor as my horse?" I puzzled over this all the way home, more so when, on the shore stretch, above the dull pound of breakers, I fancied I heard a rustle in the woods as I passed.

Two years ago I was involved in a serious dispute in relation to some title-deeds, in which I was forced to require the services of some clever lawyer or lose. My friends advised me to secure the attention of Samuel Dobson, who within the last fifteen years had built up an immense reputation and fortune, whose respective foundations had been laid by his having won a very celebrated case. Dobson was in Dericksfield, and thither I journeyed. I had never seen the man, so it was with a little curiosity that I sent in my card by the liveried office-boy. Samuel Dobson was disengaged, and I was ushered in.

"Mr. Kernsworth!" said a professional voice, as the owner rose out of the recesses of an easy-chair.

"Mr. Dobson, I presume," said I, and then added quietly, "I believe we have had the pleasure of meeting before." It was my acquaintance of a certain September night seventeen years ago. There was no mistaking that jaw. Dobson bent forward and eyed me keenly, yet not a muscle of his face moved as he remarked gravely:

"I believe we have, some years ago—excuse me," he interrupted, as I was about to speak, "I know what you wish; you want me to take your case."

"That is what I did," I answered curtly, "but not now. It would be impossible."

"Quite impossible," he replied.

"I would have no confidence in you," said I.

"Which is the very reason," he retorted.

We stood a full minute contemplating each other, the sight of him taking me back seventeen years to a certain night, to a moonlight road, and to a dejected figure weeping on a log; and he, perhaps, was thinking—well, it is hard to say.

"Mr. Kernsworth"—I started as he broke the pause—"I owe to you everything, my success, my fortune, yet I cannot thank you. It is too late."

"A little late," I answered grimly. I moved toward the door.

"Good afternoon," he said.

"Good afternoon," and I bowed myself out—and lost my case. W. E. TUPPER.

Halifax, N. S., Sept., '97.

The Leipzig Exhibition.

Mein Leipzig lob Ich mir,
Er ist ein klein Paris,
Und bildet seine Leute."

Goethe—Faust.

THE Saxon Thuringian Industrial Exhibition, being held now in Leipzig, surpasses not only as a financial success, but also in point of beauty and interest, any others that have taken place annually since the great

World's Fair of Chicago. The present exhibition is intended to further and enhance the already flourishing industries of Saxony and Thuringia, which within the past ten years have made wonderful strides; indeed, this advancement going steadily on all over has given Germany an enviable place in the world as a great commercial nation. It was originally intended to hold the exhibition in '94, but after much discussion they finally decided upon the present year. The idea was a good one, and in this connection a goodly portion of the grounds is allotted to a reproduction of the "Messe" quarter of old Leipzig, introducing Auerbach's Keller (cellar), known to English-speaking people through Goethe's Faust.

I had the pleasure of conducting several Canadians through this charming and instructive portion of the Fair grounds. My friends were much absorbed and interested in those parts representing the Hexen Küche (witch's kitchen), Walpurgis Night with illustrations, and the well known quotation, "Das ewig weibliche zieht uns hinan."

This portion of the exhibition takes us back to the fifteenth century and plays an important role in the history of Leipzig, and as may be inferred, is ever filled with visitors from all parts of Germany and Europe.

Besides this there are other and very important places of interest. For example, The East African Village, with natives from the German colony on the Dark Continent. There is also the picturesque little Thuringian village, which is the most original imitation of an old country German town one could imagine; and the skilful architect, Fritz Drechsler, is to be complimented upon his great achievement in bringing this genuinely realistic and artistic reproduction to light.

The great Industry Hall is filled with objects of interest, which alone will claim the attention of the visitor for hours. It may be noted that the piano firm of Blüthner & Co. has a magnificent display of grand and upright pianos. These pianos are very popular, and deservedly so, in England as well as Germany.

In the way of amusement must be particularly mentioned the Winterstein Orchestra, which plays daily at intervals from four till eleven, and one can hear from their pavilion music of all kinds; for example, Beethoven's symphonies, Wagner excerpts, and Liszt's symphonic poems. There are also two first-class military bands, Hungarian bands, Italian singers, and an excellent Variety Theater, so that all tastes can be easily satisfied.

In the evening the grounds are beautifully illuminated; in fact, they appear like a veritable fairy land, with their different colored lights. From nine to ten every evening the magnificently illuminated fountain plays, changing color continually and forming one of the most beautiful evening attractions I ever witnessed. Then there are naval battles on the little lakes, and fireworks, etc. Amongst the other attractions may be mentioned the great balloon, which goes up from three to four times an hour. The Wartburg, in connection with the Thuringian village, is an exact imitation of the celebrated Eisenach Wartburg of Tannhauser fame. On the whole Leipzig can be proud of her exhibition, well worth a long trip to see; and the success it has had is deserved, as neither labor nor money has been spared in making it what it is. HARRY M. FIELD.

Leipzig, Sept. 7, 1897.

A Mean Man.

THE facts are these. There lived at Alexandria, about the year 450, a Greek of the name of Hierocles—or some other man of some other name—who desired to leave to posterity a legacy worthy of a scholar and a philosopher. His bequest took the form of a book of *bon mots*, (which is Greek for "chestnuts"), and it is stated, upon unreliable authority, that he devoted his whole life to the philanthropic work of collecting twenty-eight witticisms, (of which the majority were fossils), and died in the year 490, while still in pursuit of his twenty ninth.

One of his anecdotes is a famous one—that of the pedant who wished to sell his house, and carried one brick of it about with him for a sample. Another relates how "a pedant, having learned that a crow lived for more than two hundred years, bought and raised one for an experiment." Each of these ingenious conceits is at least thirteen hundred years old, and as it is likely that Hierocles (after the manner of his profession) borrowed them from a predecessor, the author's copyright has most probably expired. Therefore, the London (England) *Pick-Me-Up* will not be prosecuted for publishing the following in its latest issue:

"What have you got in the cage, Bill?"

"A young crow."

"What's that for?"

"Well, I 'ard tell as crows live for a 'undred years, and I'm goin' to see."

But it is a mean man who will rob old pauper Hierocles of one of his beggarly hoard of twenty-eight jokes. O'H.

Toronto, Sept., '97.

The Character of Glory Quayle.

NOT least among the things to be thankful for is the fact that the creation of this world was not entrusted to the modern novelist. Nor was the matter of thankfulness much to do with their landscapes and kitchen gardens, but rather with their men and women, half-baked creations of an erotic fancy, whom they propel through many a league of adventure and speculation and then declare to be excellent saints. It cannot be altogether an impertinence to examine the work of a man who, although he has not asked the opinion of an ordinary person, is, nevertheless, willing that one should buy what he has written, cheaply it is true, and has contrived his pages so that acquaintance may be made with it both eagerly and easily. There are writers who show plainly that they wish only to deserve a living and offer some equivalent for that, amusing or amatory or virtuous, who refrain from any exhibition of sorrow or labor, bidding for no immortality save the undiscovered one of sincerity and industry. But such, apparently, is not the purpose of Hall Caine. He would be a prophet, an artist and a popular idol all in one. He, above all, is striving to flash out truth on a convulsed world, and to grow familiar with its aspect, has spent his time in vigils and in music halls, not to enjoy himself, but for your good and mine.

When all this information is allowed to drift down vaguely to the everlasting obligation of his audience, more is required of the masterpiece than entertainment or some extreme sensation. The reader expects neither to be deluded nor led astray; situations and consequences must not only seem to be true, they must be true; and if the development of a character is surprising it must be convincing at the same time, converting even the pleasure-seeking reader to a deeper view of human nature than his own.

It has been offered to the public as a great piece of comfort that the gentleman has really seen every fashionable and notorious place described in his latest novel. But it is a poor, thin kind of an artist or of a man who lives here and there a day and a night at a time in order to write about it. Most people have life enough to want to live for the fun of it. Consider the woman who would seek to fall in love in order that she might be charming afterwards when she has learned all about it, and even then if she did it thoroughly she would have some excuse, but the self-conscious automaton who winds himself up to procure a writable sensation, no more, has missed too much to be aware of his defect.

The main character in Mr. Caine's latest novel is a young woman called Glory Quayle; her name was discovered by the author in America, and naturally this is of sufficient importance to be recorded. On the first page of the book she is twenty; from a note we gather that the time taken up in the course of the story is two years and six weeks; when the book is closing, two of what appear to be the best characters presented, (but one may be mistaken here, there are reasons for uncertainty), two of the most experienced, unimpulsive and hard-headed, say this of Glory:

"I've long known that a woman can be brave, but meeting you this morning has taught me something, my child. Time and again I have thought that John's love of you was near to madness. He was ready to give up everything for it—everything! And he was right! Love like yours is the pearl of pearls, and he who wins it wins the prince of princes!"

The man who spoke was a prime minister of England and might be supposed to have seen something of women, and greatness even in connection with them.



A TREAT.

The other authority, a Scotchwoman, whom one wants to love and honor but can't because she talks like a doric phonograph, after a glance is smitten with prophetic insight, and while she is tying up the strings of her old-fashioned bonnet, as if that would make her real on page 534, and in a moment of agony, says this:

"She's gold, laddie; that's what yon Glory is—just gold!"

All this at twenty-two years and six weeks!

The standards of the young are insensibly affected of what they read, and it is no exaggeration to say that most girls who see the book will long with a little thrill to hear such praise as that and to deserve it. If by some fluke, some shifting of stage scenery that embodies no fit climax to heroism or high renunciation, but merely an eminence of sensation, this girl has been exalted to what we all concede, when we are sincere, is the best of rewards, an injury has been done to the ideal presentation of life, our standard of effort has again been lowered to a point at which we are commonly only too happy to measure ourselves.

Any objection to the book so far has been met with the triumphant chuckle that the churches have been hit and are crying out. But let the churches take care of themselves; if they cannot stand on what merit they have, let them fall. The future of the world is dependent on virtue, not on dispute. But it may be that the author has been misconceived when he is believed to be condemning the churches. He has exhibited some disgusting specimens of churchism, and without sharing his said experience, one may grant their possible existence cheerfully. The churches can do much worse than that. The world has been turning sick—good world—over that kind of a villain for twice a thousand years; for much longer than that one will insist on believing religion so modern. But what about the society of the Gethsemane, the Father Superior, Glory's grandfather, John Storm himself, all ministers, and meant to be good, are they not? Again one asks the question. But in any case, if I were given the horrible choice between being Canon Wealthy and Lord Robert Ure, I should choose on every occasion to be the wretched hypocrite. If I were offered at the last moment the weak alternative of being Rev. Joshua Golightly, I should accept that with tears of gratitude. Fancy being condemned all one's life to making false love to Polly Loves and Betty Belmans till one is reduced to a simpering thread of polished sin whose every sensation is a vile decay.

It is more than time to render this due to the gentleman who wrote *The Christian*—he has indeed learned the way to be interesting, that first great merit of a novelist. And if one owes thanks for nothing else, let it not be forgotten that the book contains the scene where Polly Love is called before the hospital board, the conception and rendering of which affords a fierce joy like nothing else in the book. At that moment Glory and John Storm are probably more worthy of admiration and affection than at any other recorded time in their lives.

But to return to Glory. She is, it is true, an extraordinary person; in the short period of her supposed development she passes through exceptional circumstances, but in spite of these she cannot escape from fulfilling certain laws of being before she merits the highest praise that one woman can give another, given to her by Mrs. Callender. From the first she possesses a spontaneous attractiveness; one sympathizes with her passionate thirst for life, her ambition, her variety. We are tacitly given to understand that she is vastly ignorant of the ways of the world. But one is frequently brought up by some half-hidden and apparently indifferent incident in the smoothest part of the story. On her first day's outing in London, Glory in reply to the attentive regard of some men says "boldly in an audible voice: 'What fun it must be to be a bar-maid, and to have the gentlemen wink at you and be laughing back at them.'" This is so charming that one hardly likes to spoil the effect by saying anything. One would like to defend Glory from Mr. Hall Caine. Again you recollect how shocked she was because Drake kissed her on the way home from the nurses' ball, but she did not resent it sufficiently to refrain from arranging to go with the same gentleman to the theater before she reached the hospital that morning. But what is the use of multiplying such incidents? No one could justly condemn her for any of these things, even if they are continued and intensified. Witness the scene in the paddock on Derby day, and her kissing Drake in public at the Corinthian Club. It is not necessary for anyone to judge her when she plays fast and loose with John Storm and Drake, according to the attraction of the moment, but when she is suddenly placed upon a solid cloud of pious admiration because she is far stronger, and better, and braver, and kinder than anyone else in the author's world,

one looks back to see just why. Because she gave up the stage on hearing that the man she loved best in the world (granting that) had been murderously assaulted, and resolved to marry him at once. That was all, and from the universal astonishment and adoration with which it was received one might be led to believe that the majority of women are incapable of even that. In the meantime one can't refrain from wondering whether, after another fixed period of six months, Glory won't be on the stage again, since she is not dead like John Storm, and may change her mind.

RHUE.

An Aged Innocent.

IT was time for breakfast, so as we entered the village we kept a sharp lookout for a hotel. Presently we espied a white, clap-boarded structure with the sign, "The Willow House, by P. O'Connell," in big, black letters across the front. We wheeled up to the bank at the edge of the road, and resting one foot on the slope, eyed the general appearance of the building critically. There are certain signs about the outside of a hotel by which you can tell if they burn the porridge or boil the tea, if the butter be salt, if there be flies in the milk or not, or a reasonably clean cloth on the table. It takes a great deal of experience to be able to read all this on the front wall of a hostelry, and even I sometimes make a mistake. As a man can't be too careful in arranging for his meals or in doing business with country hotels, we decided to question the first Reuben who happened along.

A few yards up the street an old man was slowly making his way towards us, bent low over a stick—that yellow, crooked stick which old men always seem to affect. When he got opposite to where we sat on our wheels, he stopped, facing us, his knees bent, his back sloped, his hands one over the other on the crook of his stick—the very picture of harmless old age, guileless and child-like.

"Good mornin'," he said, freely enough.

"Good morning," we replied. Then in the confidential, want-of-something-to-eat-maketh-the-whole-world-kin tone, we said: "Which is the best hotel in this town—do you know?"

"Well," said the old fellow, taking one hand from his stick to scratch his head reflectively, "well, I guess this'd be the best wan, right here—yes, this'd be the best wan. (With added gravity.) They're to put up a foine beldin' down the street—a breck beldin' they're to hev the cellar of it all dug out by Mondra," and he stared at us alternately.

"Is there any other hotel in the town?" we asked.

"Wan."

"Is it a good one?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders, grimaced, and raised one hand off his stick a few inches, with a chuckle.

"There do be them down there that comes up here for their board," he said, his wrinkled old face screwing up into the most absurd expression of amused derision.

"What's the name of the house?" we asked.

The old man stared at his foot, frowned, and scratched his head. Then, in despair, he punched the air with his fist. Finally he looked up.

"How old would you take me fer?" he asked.

"Seventy-five?"

"Eighty-four. Never was sick this last thirty year, but me head's failin' me. I can't remember things that I've known as well as A B C this forty year. I know that name. Plague take it. I know that name."

He went through a number of passes and face contortions to denote a severe mental struggle.

"It's no use, I can't mind it. Oh, well (cheerfully), if yez want to get a bricskup this is the place. I stop here sometimes myself," he added explanatorily.

So we went in and partook of a "bricskup." Half an hour later, as we were coming out of the dining-room we heard somebody say:

"Good morning, Mr. O'Connell."

"Good mornin'," said the voice of our friend, the old man.

"Who is the old fellow?" I asked the waitress.

"Oh, that's the boss," said she. "His daughter runs the place now, though."

Just then the old villain came up himself.

"Say," he said, "I mind the name now. Higgins it is—sure an' I knew it just as well as me own the whole time. It's me head that's failin' me."

However, we were in a position to assure him that his head stood as firm on his shoulders as ever it did, and was still capable of doing business on the old stand. S.H.

"Barrin' me landlady and me washwoman," said Mr. Horrigan, with honest pride. "O' owe no man a cint."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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THE DRAMA

THE bill of fare which that experienced and able restaurateur, Manager Sheppard, presents to his friends this week, is in sharp contrast to the stately repast to which he invited them on the occasion of Miss Mather's recent visit. The Mysterious Mr. Bugle is to Cymbeline what a dinner according to French notions is to one after the English fashion; the one is a substantial affair, built up of mighty joints and toothsome puddings, and the other is a light confection of trifles, pretty and delicate no doubt, but hardly the thing for a solid meal for a hungry man.

It was impossible to avoid making some mental notes of the differences in methods of construction employed in the older comedies and those which are nowadays considered successful pieces of this class. I do not speak of the distinctive excellencies of dialogue and plot that spring from and are due to the wonderful genius of the author of Cymbeline, but rather of the rough work of construction, the building of the frame, so to speak, without taking into account in any way the delicacy of the ornamentation or the proportionate beauty of the finished building.

The humorous features of comedy are always based upon a misunderstanding, and the audience, having the key, is amused to watch the subsequent actions of certain of the characters, who have not. But such misunderstandings must be reasonable; deception must rest upon some foundation of truth, however slight; a direct misstatement in the face of absolutely contradictory facts will not serve, and is childish and unprofitable. Take one incident from each play as an example of perfect and imperfect construction in this respect. When the Roman traitor returns with proofs of Imogen's unfaithfulness, he describes with accuracy various features concerning the decorations and arrangement of her chamber; he produces the bracelet which Leonatus gave her, and says with strict truth, "I had it from her arm," though conveying thereby a very incorrect impression to her lover. Then he describes the mole upon her breast, and though the audience know perfectly that Imogen is not dishonored, her lover does not know it and cannot but believe the proofs presented to him. But nowadays we have learned to be satisfied with very much less and are quite accustomed to a plot proceeding upon misrepresentation to which the author does not trouble to give even the semblance of reality. When a lover picks up a still warm cigar in the chamber of his lady it is enough for him to be told that the lady is newly addicted to the tobacco habit, and that she talks in her sleep to be a sufficient explanation of the fact that he overhears her in conversation with someone else. All this is clumsy, but notwithstanding its monstrosities of construction there is that in The Mysterious Mr. Bugle that is very, very attractive. The situations are interesting and novel, and though the authoress has not been kind to the leading lady, this difficult and trying part was admirably taken by Miss Gretchen Lyons and was rendered in a manner that won for her many golden opinions.

The part of Tom Pollinger, in which Mr. Holland appeared to great advantage, is one which is very susceptible of exaggeration, but, to his credit be it said, Mr. Holland did not overdo it. The jealous impetuosity of a lover is a somewhat tiresome characteristic as a rule, and is rather likely to become wearisome. It knows no law; it has no bounds; and there is neither rhyme nor reason in that period of temporary insanity that is said to come to men often and to women but once. But it has a purifying and chastening influence, and after the eruptive stage is over there is no man nor woman but is the better for the experience.

"It better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

But it is also very much better to love and not lose, and I fancy that the thousands of Tom Pollingers who play their parts off the stage are just the sort of fellows that make ideal husbands.

On the whole The Mysterious Mr. Bugle is a splendid comedy, bright, lively and interesting, and ought to draw well wherever presented. As a curtain-raiser Old Chums, an amusing comedy sketch in one act by Thayer Smith, is given, which puts the audience in thorough

good humor and ready to enjoy the rest of the bill.

One cannot but pity the man who professes to be unable to enjoy good comedy. This is often the result of mere affectation, but occasionally one meets a person who has permitted himself to be so engrossed with the serious business of life that he has smothered in a cloud of business cares all the faculties that tend more than anything else to ease the weight of advancing years. It is obviously a great mistake to rush through life as though one's sole object was to get to the far end of it as fast as possible; but some do so, and it is not always strictly correct to reckon one's age from the date of one's birth. He who has lost the faculty of enjoyment, no matter how long or how short the time that he has been in losing it, is old—so old that advancing years can do nothing to make him any older. The faculty of enjoyment was the first he exercised; it is the last that he loses. Ere he could speak he blinked his infant eyes in silent rapture at the antics of a jumping-jack; and when jumping-jacks of larger growth took the place of those of his first acquaintance, his enjoyment of the more many pleasures of later years evidenced the existence of a soul alive to a wider world than his own. With advancing knowledge he may learn to teach, but it is ill for him when he forgets to learn. Intellectual satiety is the border-land of barrenness, and he who has outgrown the faculty for enjoyment and can no longer receive that which his mental digestion can most easily assimilate, has ceased to live and merely exists. Where no light from without is, the light that is within is darkness. The lights are out; the orchestra is silent. Ring down the curtain; dismiss the players; the play need not go on, for the braves that echo down the aisles are but voices of the past, and vanished audiences clap their ghostly hands in mute approval of that which has been and is not. The present is dead. Long live the Past!

The Toronto Opera House is dark this week owing to the failure of The New Congressman to put in an appearance.

For Fair Virginia will be put on at the Grand next week with Mr. and Mrs. Russ-Whitall in the leading roles.

Joe Flynn in McGinty the Sport will appear at the Toronto Opera House next week.

Miss Lilli Kleiser, the well known soprano, has returned to Toronto after a prolonged absence in the United States, where she studied for a considerable time under Mr. William Courtney, the famous teacher and singer of New York City. Miss Kleiser has appeared at many important concerts in the larger cities on the other side, and has won flattering encomiums for her artistic work. She has decided to remain in Toronto for the season and will be heard at a number of our principal concerts.

The Cummings Stock Company is billed to present a series of plays at the Princess Theater during the next four weeks. It is gratifying to know that the Princess will not be idle, and doubly satisfactory to know that some really good attractions will be on at that pretty theater during the next month.

W. Frederic Conger, formerly of Toronto, is now playing with the Music Hall Stock Company of Buffalo, where he will remain until December, when he will join the Columbia Theater Stock Company in St. Louis.

Haddon Chambers and Comyns Carr have had their new melodrama, In the Days of the Duke, produced at the Adelphi Theater, and it was given an enthusiastic reception. The period of the play is just previous to the Battle of Waterloo and the morning after the battle. It was gorgeously mounted. The third act is a representation of the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond in Brussels, the night before the battle.

Katharine Gray has made a hit in A Southern Romance, which was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York. The play is said to be in the same class as Alabama, and its plot is described as "limpid as a mountain stream."

Fanny Davenport has all along kept the name of the author of her new play a secret. It is now hinted that the author is none other than the actress herself.

Joe Flynn comes to town heralded as one of the best eccentric comedians on the road.

SPORTING COMMENT

The several fifteens of the three city clubs entered in the O.R.F.U. series have been hard at work practicing for the past two weeks, and are now beginning to get into comparatively good shape, that is, so far as condition is concerned. Of course only preliminary work has been indulged in as yet, and the more important feature of coaching the teams into a definite system of play has yet to be approached. Two practice matches are to be held to-day, after which, no doubt, the first and second teams of the three clubs will be picked. Hamilton is coming down to play T.A.C.-Lornes, and Varsity will meet Osgoode Hall. All the practices are being well attended; indeed, the management of one or two of the clubs are rather embarrassed by the wealth of undeveloped material laid before them. On several occasions I have noticed more than thirty men practicing at once. Now, notwithstanding the fact that no captain likes to turn men away from a practice, he should be firm on this point and not allow more than two full teams to be on the field at one time. No half-back line can form anything like an effective combination when hampered by three or four extra wings, for the simple reason that they are invariably tackled as soon as they get the ball and have no chance whatever to run. Osgoode Hall is making great efforts to get together a team, and is meeting with fair success. Their forward line should be good, strengthened as it is by Flood and Kingstone of last year's T. A. C. team, who are slated to play inside wings, but behind the

line the team seems to be rather weak. McMurich is a rather light man for quarter-back, and the half-backs who have turned out so far, with the exception of Kingstone, do not seem to be up to "senior" mark. Strathy at full-back is a good punter and sure tackle. The near vicinity of Osgoode's grounds and dressing-rooms to the city gives that club a great advantage over the others, and several good men, who otherwise would be out of the game, are on this account enabled to turn out. Several of the old Lornes men have gone over to Osgoode, thinking that their chances of getting on the team of a new club were better than if they stayed with the old one, but the great bulk of the Lornes have remained faithful to the amalgamation. The management of the various teams have this year been decidedly hampered in their plans by the non-appearance at practice of several men who were expected to turn out. This dilatoriness is undoubtedly caused by the fact that there are two new senior teams, and the players are waiting to see which way the cat will jump. It is my opinion that if a man intends to play Rugby he should commence early in the season, and if possible attend every practice of his club. If all the players did this, the contests in the first round of the Union ties would be better worth watching. Some men, of course, expect to get on a team on account of their reputation, whether they turn out to practice or not, but it has been proved time and time again that a fair player in good condition is more than a match for a star who has had no practice, and I understand that this year teams are to be picked on form shown in practice only. There is no reason why a team should not play its first O. R. F. U. game with every man in good condition and the combination perfected; the number of men hurt in the opening games would thus be lessened, and the game immensely improved from a spectacular point of view.

Although we have not had any international cup races in Toronto during the past season, there has been some very exciting racing by the new seventeen-foot-skiff class of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. This class, which is practically a "one-design" class, was organized last winter and an order placed with Gilbert of Brockville for six skiffs of exactly the same design. Warren of Toronto also built one of somewhat different type, and later on in the season Aykroyd turned out one very similar to the Gilbert boat, only considerably lighter. The first race between these small craft was looked forward to with a great deal of interest, principally on account of Archibald, the champion canoe sailor, taking part. The result of this race was that Mr. Archibald came in first, as



Two-Step.
Mr. E. Wedd's 17-foot Skiff.

was also the case in the second race, the wind blowing very strong both times. In the third race, however, there was a change, and the Aykroyd boat, sailed by R. T. Cuff, got around the course first. This was the first appearance of Aykroyd's boat, and she sailed a grand race. The next two races, the last of the series, were won by Messrs. Wedd & Smith's Two-Step, sailed by E. Wedd, this skiff also winning the Harman cup for the best average during the season. Her record for the five races is as follows: 1st race, fourth; 2nd race, third; 3rd race, second; 4th race, first; 5th race, first. Both the Two-Step and Mr. Archibald's boat were built by Gilbert.

The Public school games were held on the Exhibition track and lawn last Saturday afternoon. The same programme was run off on Jubilee day, but that, it seems, was an extra event by way of celebrating the longest reign. Few were aware that there was anything in the shape of games going on last Saturday afternoon, and consequently there was a very poor crowd. There is a matter in connection with these games to which, I think, it is time attention should be drawn. The boys themselves are aware of it, but that peculiarly shaped sense of honor among boys prevents it from becoming generally known. I refer to the practice of lads entering races from which their age should rightly debar them. I had heard of several cases of this dishonesty in the Jubilee school games, and indeed there has always been grumbling among the boys on this score. On Saturday I watched the different races to see if these over-age entries were apparent to the observer. In some of the hundred-yard events were youths who towered head and shoulders above the rest. They may have been of the right age; indeed they probably were, for their very size would cause their years to be looked into and render it extremely difficult for them to evade the officials. It is rather amongst the undersized boys that the blame lies—tough, wiry little fellows who naturally make the best runners in any case, and who by competing with boys of their own size, but a year or two younger, have things all their own way. Several of these were pointed out to me by those who should know, and the best of it is, none know the facts better than those who have to race against the cheats. This is especially hard in the races where a handicap is imposed on all over a certain age. In this the honest man is scratched and has to see fellows of his own age, and just as fast as he is, given a start on him. Anyone can see that if the idea once becomes current among the young that the honest man is "scratched" in this world, harm will result. In the bicycle two-mile event there was a handicap of 25 yards for every year a rider's age exceeded

fifteen. It's rather a delicate matter, but I'm told that in this event there should have been more than one man on scratch, or at any rate that several of the riders should have been at least 25 yards back of where they were. However, 25 yards doesn't make a great deal of difference in a two-mile event on a slow track; the scratch man caught the limit man in the first quarter, and the whole field was bunched before the end of the first lap. The principle is nevertheless just as far wrong, though the result be unaltered, and more care should be taken in looking up the ages of competitors in these games. These boys will soon be scattered through all branches of sport and should carry honest principles away from school games with them.

Last week I failed to call the turn in speaking of the Capital-Shamrock match at Montreal. How the Capitals managed to win is still somewhat difficult to comprehend, as the Shamrocks have been playing much better lacrosse, and had the advantage of playing the match on their own grounds. The victory of the Capitals has made it advisable for the Torontos to play the match with that club which it had been decided to call off, and if Toronto succeeds in winning, the Capitals and Shamrocks will require to play again for the championship. The Capitals will come up and play at Rosedale on October 2, and the Toronto team will, I believe, be greatly strengthened for the occasion by the addition of some well known players who (without prejudice) will wear Toronto colors for the nonce.

The Canadian Lacrosse Association is plainly bent upon destroying itself. The most remarkable things have happened this season, and though President Craig may be able to justify the decisions handed down in the various disputes, he must be ready to confess his unbounded astonishment at the tangles an honest executive can create. Very few of the leading clubs in the C. L. A. have failed to violate the rules, and if the president enforces the regulations he must annul nearly every game played if protests are entered properly. This means that the rules are not suited to the practices of the average club, and so next year there must be new rules, or lacrosse must be supplied with a new conscience.

The Stars of Mimico have won the championship in the Toronto senior lacrosse league after a lot of keenly-contested matches which attracted too little attention from lovers of the game. The Torontos and the Tecumsehs might find in this league some promising recruits, and it is rather surprising that the two big clubs have altogether ignored games played almost under their noses, in which much clever work was done. The average age of the Mimico Stars is under twenty years, yet the team won fourteen consecutive matches without a single loss, and during the season scored 79 goals against 19 scored by their opponents. Lacrosse in Toronto will be weak until there is better system of using minor clubs as feeders for the big ones.

The entries for the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association games at Rosedale this afternoon include the following names: B. J. Wefers, M. W. Long, E. B. Bloss, J. F. Craig, G. W. Orton, W. B. Rogers and J. H. Thompson of the New York Athletic Club, who will compete in the track events; J. L. Hurlbut, Irving K. Baxter, John Flannigan, Richard Sheldon, Chas. Chadwick, Walter C. Carol of the same club, who are entered in the jumps, as is W. B. Rogers; H. E. Marvel, New Jersey Athletic Club; Jas. W. Folds, J. G. McArthur, Olympic Athletic Club, Winnipeg; Geo. Stephen, Alex. Brodie, S. A. Finley, H. R. McDonald of Montreal; Alex. Grant of St. Marys; A. C. Caldwell of Galt; Jas. Peaire of Hamilton; A. P. Biggar, Robt. Campbell, Geo. Smith, Wm. Patterson, Donald Sinclair, D. Wilson, W. F. Hubbard, A. R. Williams, F. G. Webber, H. Gill, J. A. Knox and R. Thompson of Toronto clubs. This promises to be the greatest athletic meet we have yet had in Toronto.

Manager Irwin required some courage to go into the Eastern League this season, under the circumstances, as he found them. The town had been rather discredited in baseball. He carried his team to the Island, and the public prophesied that that would prove a failure. He has, however, made perhaps the biggest success in the League. Beginning with about twenty defeats in succession, he closes the year in second place, and now has to play in the Steiner Cup series. It is not quite plain on the face of it, why the Torontos, after crawling from the bottom to the top, fell back into second place, and the bad beginning made at the outset of the season really offers no excuse for this. The Torontos at one time seemed able to win any game with ease, but towards the end scarcely broke even with some of the tail-enders. However, as a matter of fact, the club is to be congratulated upon failing to get the pennant, as, had it done so, we should have demanded too much next year, and the club which wins the pennant one season seldom does well, financially or otherwise, the next.

Tom Cooper was formerly a drug clerk and earned \$12 a week, while last year he cleared over \$12,000 over and above all expenses as a bicycle racer. Bald worked in his father's butcher shop, and this year as a racer he expects to earn a total of \$20,000. Walter Sanger's father was a lumber merchant of Wisconsin, as well as a politician of some note, but he lost all his money by forest fires. Sanger was able by his racing not only to support the family, but also to keep paid-up life insurance policies for \$200,000 on his father's life. The elder Sanger died recently and his son and family have come into possession of the insurance, which the riding of "Wooden Shoes" prevented from lapsing. It is estimated that Fred Loughead of Sarnia will make \$5,000 this year as a racer.

Frank Erne and Jim Popp will meet in a boxing contest at the Athletic Club on Saturday evening, October 2. Popp, as a professional boxer, is better known away than in Toronto, where he lives, and he will prove clever enough to keep Erne guessing.

THE UMPIRE.

A Tilburyite had a pocket picked of four dollars in a Toronto departmental store last week. —Tilbury Times.

The Fall Race Meet.



THE presence of the greatest number of good race-horses ever brought together at any running meeting ever held in Canada, is a proof of the magnitude of the meet now being held at Woodbine Park.

The Ontario Jockey Club and its sister organization, the Toronto Hunt, both have wide reputations as reliable institutions, and in point of patronage Toronto does not take second place to any city in America. The Woodbine race course has frequently had within its gates crowds just as large, and if anything more fashionable than those in attendance at the great race courses of the East.

All that is wanted now is fine weather, and in this matter we can only hope for the best, for the season of unsettled weather has arrived. One of the chief faults in Toronto is that the spring meeting is held too early and the fall meeting too late.

Heretofore the autumn meeting has been looked upon by outside horsemen as a trivial affair, and, in fact, that is what it has been, for local horses had to be depended upon to furnish the sport. This year, however, it is vastly different. The management saw a chance and jumped at it. The big Fort Erie meeting, which has attracted many of the best horses in the United States, closed on Thursday. Had the Toronto Hunt made out its programme the same as last year it is not likely that any of those horses would have been shipped here, but the duration of the meet was increased to seven days, and a decision was quickly arrived at to have \$300 the minimum size for purses. The effect was magical. Telegrams commenced pouring in to the secretary from all the big owners asking for accommodation. Such famous turfmen as Edward Corrigan, the Morris Bros., and Michael Dwyer decided to ship their horses here by express immediately after the close of the Fort Erie races, and the result is that there are at Woodbine to-day more and better race-horses than were ever seen in the history of the running turf in Canada.

And the obstacles against which the management had to contend were great. Here were four hundred horses on the way, with accommodation for only about two hundred and fifty. You cannot put a valuable race-horse in a tumble-down shed at this time of the year. The risk is too great and owners will not stand it, so Secretary Houston started out to hire all the stables in the vicinity. Twenty of the Seagram colts were moved up to the old Newmarket track, to make room for the visitors, and all the open driving-sheds in and about the course were boarded up and converted into fairly comfortable box-stalls.

Along came the horses with their countless attendants. The average Toronto race-goer never saw such a sight before, and it made the oldest rail-bird almost dizzy in trying to keep tab on the scores of thoroughbreds as they jogged around the track in the morning. The speculator will find this a hard meeting. Up to this time all he has had to do was to find out if possible which horse Seagram intended winning with, and to keep his eyes open for some possible outsider that might upset the plans of the Waterloo turfman, but now he has to deal with horses from the east, south and west, his acquaintance with which has been formed principally by reports read in the newspapers.

Besides this, he has to figure out what possibly may be done by some of the Canadian bang-tails. About the best of the latter just now is Dr. Andrew Smith's Kapanga colt. He is sleek and in racing trim, and will turn a trick before the meeting closes. Then there are the Hendrie horses. Dunbarth looks well, and so does that unreliable Himyar, Looman. Harvey, the crack two-year-old of the string, may not be able to start. With many other good horses, he went wrong at Saratoga. His trainer told me that \$37,000 worth of horses were laid up at the Springs in one week.

A. M. Orpen has nine colts, among them Mongolian, whose sensational performances at Fort Erie were favorably commented on by both the United States and Canadian press.

The present rush of horses will probably show the Ontario Jockey Club the absolute necessity of increasing stable room. The officials claim that they do not wish to erect any more buildings on leasehold property, but this seems a rather lame excuse to be put forth by such a wealthy corporation.

It will be pleasant news to learn that His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick will be able to attend. He and Lady Kirkpatrick will occupy the principal box on the members' stand, and a prominent box has also been reserved for Sir Nowell Salmon.

Captain and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will also attend, Major and Mrs. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrie and the Misses Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy. Mr. George Beardmore will drive down every day with his four-in-hand, and Sir Frank Smith will entertain a large number of friends in his usual hospitable way. In the stand will be seen all the latest fashions, spring costumes giving place to those of the deeper, richer tones of autumn.

Miss Cawthra, a skilled rider and an enthusiastic horsewoman, will start Vista in the Novice Hunters' dash. D. L. McCarthy, Dr. Capon, J. S. Johnston, J. D. Holland and George Beardmore will also have horses in this race. Mr. Fred Beardmore will be here from Montreal to pilot Mr. George Beardmore's horse.

The lawn at Woodbine has been thoroughly overhauled, and with the clean fences and stands presents a pretty appearance. Street cars, as usual, will run right into the grounds. Mr. Briggs has cared for the track and steeplechase field diligently, and both are in superb condition, so that it is almost a certainty that track records will go by the board, especially as so many high-class horses are here.

The Toronto Hunt is deserving of patronage for furnishing such good sport to the horse-loving people of Toronto, and the Queen City is one which will show its appreciation by making the meeting a success financially as the Hunt has made it in every other way.

JOHN F. RYAN.

A Question of Fools.

IT is just after you strike off Dingwall Cover on to the shore road that the sea breeze has a chance to damage your toilet or the mumbly surf to grow monotonous. Low, grayish-white clouds kept shooting across the moon's face, but not long enough to keep the woods from appearing very black on the one side, and the white line of tide from looking like a bank of shoveled snow on the other. I allowed my mare to sink into a walk. Poor old girl, she was growing stiff, so I humored her. She served me well in the Cheamley Riots fifteen years ago.

I was mid-way across the stretch and relapsing into a half-doze, thanks to the Colonel's excellent punch, when a sound rang through the cool midnight that made me urge Flora into the shadow of the woods, and listen. After a few minutes it came again, as of passionate sobbing, punctuated by flying foot-falls, which would stop short, as if the originator had fallen over a precipice. For a while there was silence, only broken by an owl's hoot or the whirr of a bat as it brushed by my face. Then again came the curious noise accompanied by the pattering footsteps; this time so near that I peered expectantly down the road, and next up at the moon, to see whether—but a cloud anticipated me, and everything was black and still again.

Two or three minutes elapsed in stillness, during which Flora edged out on the road. When the clouds parted I blinked down the white stretch and made out the figure of a man, stooping low, running and then doubling back over his tracks. As I looked he paused, and throwing himself on a log burst out into loud weeping. It was a queer picture, and I could not suppress a laugh as I gave the mare a cut and trotted up until I came abreast of the man on the log. He could not have heard me, for it was not until I was beside him that he jerked back his head. At the sight of me a sickly pallor spread over his face, intensified by the moonlight, which showed up cruelly the glistening tears that ran down his cheeks. We looked at each other, then with a quick bound he was on his feet and had hold of my rein.

"Did you find them?" he panted eagerly, and his loose, ponderous jaw quivered with some powerful emotion.

"Find what?" I said, covertly feeling a better balance with my riding-crop.

He let go the rein with a groan. "The papers, the papers!" he moaned, starting to trot about the road again, his head jerking about like a suspicious bird and his black professional coat raising sprays of dust.

"What shall I do? Oh, what a fool!" he sobbed. "Ruined, utterly ruined, do you hear?" and his voice, rising higher and higher, culminated in a wail as he sat himself down on the ground and rocked to and fro.

"Come, man, brace up. What are the papers?" I asked, dismounting and shaking him by the shoulder.

"The papers!" he yelled, springing to his feet. "They are my reputation, my name, my—What!" and he made a quick snatch at my side pocket, pulling out a copy of the *Traveler*.

"What the devil—" I began, but the light had already died out of his eyes, and mumbled apologies, he handed it back, letting his arms fall wearily over the mare's saddle, and allowing me to judge only by his shaking shoulders whether he was in a spasm of grief or hilarity. I remained silent, and not a little bewildered, hardly knowing whether to take him as a disaster-stricken man or one who was playing a deep game.

"Where did you lose your papers?" I ventured at length, addressing the back of his head.

"Between here and the village," he said agitatedly, facing around quickly and giving me a square glance for about the first time.

"Go back and you are very likely to find them then. I don't fancy anyone has been along for some hours except myself."

"Go back!" he cried. "I've covered the d— road three times—three times," holding up a large white hand and checking the number off on his fingers. "Three times, and not a sign of them. What shall I do? I must find them or I'm ruined, disgraced," and he dropped his chin on his breast, the perspiration streaming down his face and mingling with half-dried tears.

I pitied the man, on my soul I did. He appeared so perfectly genuine. His papers, whatever they might be, were gone; his nerve was gone, and his whole being was swallowed up in the knowledge of a dire calamity. I led Flora off the road and tied her rein to a maple.

"Now," I said, "you take one half of the road and I'll take the other. Are you ready? But, wait; what are they like, these papers?"

He looked at me doubtfully, with a glance full of suspicion, then he was off running along as at first, only now he kept cocking his head over his shoulder to see that I was following. I took the other side of the road and started. Egad! but we must have looked strange, we two, as we got over the ground, my companion alternately walking and running, always bent high double, and now and then giving vent to half-smothered cries; I striding along at a gait which, at my time of life, was unwarrantable, with eyes riveted to the ground and praying that I might sight the miserable papers.

This continued for half an hour, when we began to draw near the village. Everything was much stiller now. The boom of the surf had grown faint, and the wind was lost in the woods behind. My companion, too, had subsided, and it was only by an occasional half-suppressed sob, which would mingle with the hoarse peep of a night-hawk, that I knew he was beside me, for during the last few minutes clouds had obscured the moon. We turned the last bend and came sharply on the village, lying asleep in the hollow, silent and dark, except where a dim light marked a late householder. My companion stopped abruptly, and the moon reappearing showed him in a state of utter collapse in the dust.

"Get up, you fool," I said angrily, beginning to be disgusted with his lack of stamina.

"I had them here," he burst out. "This was the last place. They are gone, don't you see? They're gone, and I'm ruined; when everything was so bright and promising. What am I to do? Tell—"

"For heaven's sake, man, hush!" I cried irritably, giving a flat stone an impatient kick.

The stone was much lighter than I thought, and rising off the ground struck the dejected figure before me on the leg. The fellow started and looked up. I was about to apologize when I saw him stoop slowly down and, when his hand had closed over the object, as slowly rise to his feet, his fingers clutching a bundle of blue papers. He looked at me, very white in the face, his lower jaw twitching convulsively, then, as I stepped forward to congratulate him, he turned without a word and flew back down the road at the top of his speed. I waited until the sound of his footsteps, growing faint in the distance, had ceased, and I too turned and followed, but at a more moderate pace.

I am afraid I swore as much as a man of five and forty is permitted, as I trudged grimly back. To tell the truth, my mind was in a sort of whirl and it was not until I untied Flora and mounted that the thought occurred to me, "Why had this man passed by such an unimportant factor as my horse?" I puzzled over this all the way home, more so when, on the shore stretch, above the dull pound of breakers, I fancied I heard a rustle in the woods as I passed.

Two years ago I was involved in a serious dispute in relation to some title-deeds, in which I was forced to require the services of some clever lawyer or lose. My friends advised me to secure the attention of Samuel Dobson, who within the last fifteen years had built up an immense reputation and fortune, whose respective foundations had been laid by his having won a very celebrated case. Dobson was in Dericksfield, and thither I journeyed. I had never seen the man, so it was with a little curiosity that I sent in my card by the liveried office-boy. Samuel Dobson was disengaged, and I was ushered in.

"Mr. Kernsworth?" said a professional voice, as the owner rose out of the recesses of an easy-chair.

"Mr. Dobson, I presume," said I, and then added quietly, "I believe we have had the pleasure of meeting before." It was my acquaintance of a certain September night seventeen years ago. There was no mistaking that jaw. Dobson bent forward and eyed me keenly, yet not a muscle of his face moved as he remarked gravely:

"I believe we have, some years ago—excuse me," he interrupted, as I was about to speak, "I know what you wish; you want me to take your case."

"That is what I did," I answered curtly, "but not now. It would be impossible."

"Quite impossible," he replied. "I would have no confidence in you," said I. "Which is the very reason," he retorted.

We stood a full minute contemplating each other, the sight of him taking me back seventeen years to a certain night, to a moonlight road, and to a dejected figure weeping on a log; and he, perhaps, was thinking—well, it is hard to say.

"Mr. Kernsworth—I started as he broke the pause—"I owe to you everything, my success, my fortune, yet I cannot thank you. It is too late."

"A little late," I answered grimly. I moved toward the door.

"Good afternoon," he said. "Good afternoon," and I bowed myself out—and lost my case. W. E. TUPPER.

Halifax, N. S., Sept., '97.

The Leipzig Exhibition.

Mein Leipzig lob ich mir,
Er ist ein klein Paris,
Und bildet seine Leute.

Goethe—Faust.

THE Saxon Thuringian Industrial Exhibition, being held now in Leipzig, surpasses not only as a financial success, but also in point of beauty and interest, any others that have taken place annually since the great

World's Fair of Chicago. The present exhibition is intended to further and enhance the already flourishing industries of Saxony and Thuringia, which within the past ten years have made wonderful strides; indeed, this advancement going steadily on all over has given Germany an enviable place in the world as a great commercial nation. It was originally intended to hold the exhibition in '94, but after much discussion they finally decided upon the present year. The idea was a good one, and in this connection a goodly portion of the grounds is allotted to a reproduction of the "Messe" quarter of old Leipzig, introducing Auerbach's Keller (cellar), known to English-speaking people through Goethe's Faust.

I had the pleasure of conducting several Canadians through this charming and instructive portion of the Fair grounds. My friends were much absorbed and interested in those parts representing the Hexen Küche (witch's kitchen), Walpurgis Night with illustrations, and the well known quotation, "Das ewig weibliche zieht uns hinan."

This portion of the exhibition takes us back to the fifteenth century and plays an important role in the history of Leipzig, and as may be inferred, is ever filled with visitors from all parts of Germany and Europe.

Besides this there are other and very important places of interest. For example, The East African Village, with natives from the German colony on the Dark Continent. There is also the picturesque little Thuringian village, which is the most original imitation of an old country German town one could imagine; and the skilful architect, Fritz Drechsler, is to be complimented upon his great achievement in bringing this genuinely realistic and artistic reproduction to light.

The great Industry Hall is filled with objects of interest which alone will claim the attention of the visitor for hours. It may be noted that the piano firm of Blüthner & Co. has a magnificent display of grand and upright pianos. These pianos are very popular, and deservedly so, in England as well as Germany.

In the way of amusement must be particularly mentioned the Winterstein Orchestra, which plays daily at intervals from four till eleven, and one can hear from their pavilion music of all kinds; for example, Beethoven's symphonies, Wagner excerpts, and Liszt's symphonic poems. There are also two first-class military bands, Hungarian bands, Italian singers, and an excellent Variety Theater, so that all tastes can be easily satisfied.

In the evening the grounds are beautifully illuminated; in fact, they appear like a veritable fairy land, with their different colored lights. From nine to ten every evening the magnificently illuminated fountain plays, changing color continually and forming one of the most beautiful evening attractions I ever witnessed. Then there are naval battles on the little lakes, and fireworks, etc. Amongst the other attractions may be mentioned the great balloon, which goes up from three to four times an hour. The Wartburg, in connection with the Thuringian village, is an exact imitation of the celebrated Eisenach Wartburg of Tannhauser fame. On the whole Leipzig can be proud of her exhibition, well worth a long trip to see; and the success it has had is deserved, as neither labor nor money has been spared in making it what it is. HARRY M. FIELD.

Leipzig, Sept. 7, 1897.

A Mean Man.

THE facts are these. There lived at Alexandria, about the year 450, a Greek of the name of Hierocles—or some other man of some other name—who desired to leave to posterity a legacy worthy of a scholar and a philosopher. His bequest took the form of a book of *bon mots*, (which is Greek for "chestnuts"), and it is stated, upon unreliable authority, that he devoted his whole life to the philanthropic work of collecting twenty-eight witticisms, (of which the majority were fossils), and died in the year 490, while still in pursuit of his twenty-ninth.

One of his anecdotes is a famous one—that of the pedant who wished to sell his house, and carried one brick of it about with him for a sample. Another relates how "a pedant, having learned that a crow lived for more than two hundred years, bought and raised one for an experiment." Each of these ingenious conceits is at least thirteen hundred years old, and it is likely that Hierocles (after the manner of his profession) borrowed them from a predecessor, the author's copyright has most probably expired. Therefore, the London (England) *Pick-Me-Up* will not be prosecuted for publishing the following in its latest issue:

"What have you got in the cage, Bill?"
"A young crow."
"What's that for?"
"Well, I heard tell as crows live for a hundred years, and I'm goin' to see."

But it is a mean man who will rob old pauper Hierocles of one of his beggarly hoard of twenty-eight jokes. O'H.

Toronto, Sept., '97.

The Character of Glory Quayle.

NOT least among the things to be thankful for is the fact that the creation of this world was not entrusted to the modern novelist. Nor has the matter of thankfulness much to do with their landscapes and kitchen gardens, but rather with their men and women, half-baked creations of an erotic fancy, whom they propel through many a league of adventure and speculation and then declare to be excellent saints. It cannot be altogether an impertinence to examine the work of a man who, although he has not asked the opinion of an ordinary person, is, nevertheless, willing that one should buy what he has written, cheaply it is true, and has contrived his pages so that acquaintance may be made with it both eagerly and easily. There are writers who show plainly that they wish only to deserve a living and offer some equivalent for that, amusing or amatory or virtuous, who refrain from any exhibition of sorrow or labor, bidding for no immortality save the undiscovered one of sincerity and industry. But such, apparently, is not the purpose of Hall Caine. He would be a prophet, an artist and a popular idol all in one. He, above all, is striving to flash out truth on a convulsed world, and to grow familiar with its aspect, has spent his time in vigils and in music halls, not to enjoy himself, but for your good and mine.

When all this information is allowed to drift down vaguely to the everlasting obligation of his audience, more is required of the masterpiece than entertainment or some extreme sensation. The reader expects neither to be deluded nor led astray; situations and consequences must not only seem to be true, they must be true; and if the development of a character is surprising it must be convincing at the same time, converting even the pleasure-seeking reader to a deeper view of human nature than his own.

It has been offered to the public as a great piece of comfort that the gentleman has really seen every fashionable and notorious place described in his latest novel. But it is a poor, thin kind of an artist or of a man who lives here and there a day and a night at a time in order to write about it. Most people have life enough to want to live for the fun of it. Consider the woman who would seek to fall in love in order that she might be charming afterwards when she has learned all about it, and even then if she did it thoroughly she would have some excuse, but the self-conscious automaton who winds himself up to procure a writable sensation, no more, has missed too much to be aware of his defect.

The main character in Mr. Caine's latest novel is a young woman called Glory Quayle; her name was discovered by the author in America, and naturally this is of sufficient importance to be recorded. On the first page of the book she is twenty; from a note we gather that the time taken up in the course of the story is two years and six weeks; when the book is closing, two of what appear to be the best characters presented, (but one may be mistaken here, there are reasons for uncertainty), two of the most experienced, unimpulsive and hard-headed, say this of Glory:

"I've long known that a woman can be brave, but meeting you this morning has taught me something, my child. Time and again I have thought that John's love of you was near to madness. He was ready to give up everything for it—everything! And he was right! Love like yours is the pearl of pearls, and he who wins it wins the prince of princes!"

The man who spoke was a prime minister of England and might be supposed to have seen something of women, and greatness even in connection with them.



A TREAT.

The other authority, a Scotchwoman, whom one wants to love and honor but can't because she talks like a doric phonograph, after a glance is smitten with prophetic insight, and while she is tying up the strings of her old-fashioned bonnet, as if that would make her real on page 394, and in a moment of agony, says this:

"She's gold, laddie; that's what yon Glory is—just gold!"

All this at twenty-two years and six weeks!

The standards of the young are insensibly affected of what they read, and it is no exaggeration to say that most girls who see the book will long with a little thrill to hear such praise as that and to deserve it. If by some fluke, some shifting of stage scenery that embodies no fit climax to heroism or high renunciation, but merely an eminence of sensation, this girl has been exalted to what we all concede, when we are sincere, is the best of rewards, an injury has been done to the ideal presentation of life, our standard of effort has again been lowered to a point at which we are commonly only too happy to measure ourselves.

Any objection to the book so far has been met with the triumphant chuckle that the churches have been hit and are crying out. But let the churches take care of themselves; if they cannot stand on what merit they have, let them fall. The future of the world is dependent on virtue, not on dispute. But it may be that the author has been misconceived when he is believed to be condemning the churches. He has exhibited some disgusting specimens of churchism, and without sharing his said experience, one may grant their possible existence cheerfully. The churches can do much worse than that. The world has been turning sick—good world—over that kind of a villain for twice a thousand years; for much longer than that one will insist on believing religion so modern. But what about the society of the Gethsemane, the Father Superior, Glory's grandfather, John Storm himself, all ministers, and meant to be good, are they not? Again one asks the question. But in any case, if I were given the horrible choice between being Canon Wealthy and Lord Robert Ure, I should choose on every occasion to be the wretched hypocrite. If I were offered at the last moment the weak alternative of being Rev. Joshua Golightly, I should accept that with tears of gratitude. Fancy being condemned all one's life to making false love to Polly Loves and Betty Belmans till one is reduced to a simpering thread of polished sin whose every sensation is a vile decay.

It is more than time to render this due to the gentleman who wrote *The Christian*—he has indeed learned the way to be interesting, that first great merit of a novelist. And if one owes thanks for nothing else, let it not be forgotten that the book contains the scene where Polly Love is called before the hospital board, the conception and rendering of which affords a fierce joy like nothing else in the book. At that moment Glory and John Storm are probably more worthy of admiration and affection than at any other recorded time in their lives.

But to return to Glory. She is, it is true, an extraordinary person; in the short period of her supposed development she passes through exceptional circumstances, but in spite of these she cannot escape from fulfilling certain laws of being before she merits the highest praise that one woman can give another, given to her by Mrs. Callender. From the first she possesses a spontaneous attractiveness; one sympathizes with her passionate thirst for life, her ambition, her variety. We are tacitly given to understand that she is vastly ignorant of the ways of the world. But one is frequently brought up by some half-hidden and apparently indifferent incident in the smoothest part of the story. On her first day's outing in London, Glory in reply to the attentive regard of some men says "boldly in an audible voice: 'What fun it must be to be a bar-maid, and to have the gentlemen wink at you and be laughing back at them.'"

This is so charming that one hardly likes to spoil the effect by saying anything. One would like to defend Glory from Mr. Hall Caine. Again you recollect how shocked she was because Drake kissed her on the way home from the nurses' ball, but she did not resent it sufficiently to refrain from arranging to go with the same gentleman to the theater before she reached the hospital that morning. But what is the use of multiplying such incidents? No one could justly condemn her for any of these things, even if they are continued and intensified. Witness the scene in the paddock on Derby day, and her kissing Drake in public at the Corinthian Club. It is not necessary for anyone to judge her when she plays fast and loose with John Storm and Drake, according to the attraction of the moment, but when she is suddenly placed upon a solid cloud of pious admiration because she is far stronger, and better, and braver, and kinder than anyone else in the author's world,

one looks back to see just why. Because she gave up the stage on hearing that the man she loved best in the world (granting that) had been murderously assaulted, and resolved to marry him at once. That was all, and from the universal astonishment and adoration with which it was received one might be led to believe that the majority of women are incapable of even that. In the meantime one can't refrain from wondering whether, after another fixed period of six months, Glory won't be on the stage again, since she is not dead like John Storm, and may change her mind.

RHUE.

An Aged Innocent.

IT was time for breakfast, so as we entered the village we kept a sharp lookout for a hotel. Presently we espied a white, clap-boarded structure with the sign, "The Willow House, by P. O'Connell," in big, black letters across the front. We wheeled up to the bank at the edge of the road, and resting one foot on the slope, eyed the general appearance of the building critically. There are certain signs about the outside of a hotel by which you can tell if they burn the porridge or boil the tea, if the butter be salt, if there be flies in the milk or not, or a reasonably clean cloth on the table. It takes a great deal of experience to be able to read all this on the front wall of a hostelry, and even I sometimes make a mistake. As a man can't be too careful in arranging for his meals or in doing business with country hotels, we decided to question the first Reuben who happened along.

A few yards up the street an old man was slowly making his way towards us, bent low over a stick—that yellow, crooked stick which old men always seem to affect. When he got opposite to where we sat on our wheels, he stopped, facing us, his knees bent, his back sloped, his hands one over the other on the crook of his stick—the very picture of harmless old age, guileless and child-like.

"Good mornin'," he said, freely enough.

"Good morning," we replied. Then in the confidential, want-of-something-to-eat-maketh-the-whole-world-kin tone, we said: "Which is the best hotel in this town—do you know?"

"Well," said the old fellow, taking one hand from his stick to scratch his head reflectively, "well, I guess this'd be the best wan, right here—yes, this'd be the best wan. (With added gravity.) They're to put up a foine beldin' down the street—a breck beldin' They're to hev the cellar of it all dug out by Mondra," and he stared at us alternately.

"Is there any other hotel in the town?" we asked.

"Wan."

"Is it a good one?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders, grimaced, and raised one hand off his stick a few inches, with a chuckle.

"There do be them down there that comes up here for their board," he said, his wrinkled old face screwing up into the most absurd expression of amused derision.

"What's the name of the house?" we asked.

The old man stared at his foot, frowned, and scratched his head. Then, in despair, he punched the air with his fist. Finally he looked up.

"How old would you take me fer?" he asked.

"Seventy-five?"

"Eighty-four. Never was sick this last thirty year, but me head's failin' me. I can't remember things that I've known as well as A B C this forty year. I know that name. Plague take it. I know that name."

He went through a number of passes and face contortions to denote a severe mental struggle.

"It's no use, I can't mind it. Oh, well (cheerfully), if yez want to get a bricskup this is the place. I stop here sometimes myself," he added explanatorily.

So we went in and partook of a "bricskup." Half an hour later, as we were coming out of the dining-room we heard somebody say:

"Good mornin', Mr. O'Connell."

"Good mornin'," said the voice of our friend, the old man.

"Who is the old fellow?" I asked the waitress.

"Oh, that's the boss," said she. "His daughter runs the place now, though."

Just then the old villain came up himself.

"Say," he said, "I mind the name now. Higgins it is—sure an I knew it just as well as me own the whole time. It's me head that's failin' me."

However, we were in a position to assure him that his head stood as firm on his shoulders as ever it did, and was still capable of doing business on the old stand.

S.H.

"Barrin' me landlady and me washwoman," said Mr. Horrigan, with honest pride, "Ol owe no man a cint."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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Werra, Oct. 9	Werra, Nov. 27
Werra, Oct. 16	Fulda, Dec. 4
Werra, Oct. 23	Fulda, Dec. 18

ENGLISH CHANNEL

New York, Southampton (London) Bremen, . . . Oct. 14
Stuttgart, . . . Oct. 21
New York, Plymouth (London) Bremen, . . . Oct. 12
K. Wm. der Grosse, Sept. 28
Saale, . . . Oct. 19
New York, Cherbourg (Paris), Bremen, . . . Oct. 23
Havel, Sept. 25; Spree, Oct. 16; Havel, Oct. 23.

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Anecdotal.

The famous Thad. Stevens had a colored servant in Washington named Matilda, who one morning smashed a large dish at the buffet. "What have you broken now you—black idiot!" exclaimed her master. Matilda meekly responded: "Tain't de fo'th commandment, bress de Lawd."

The true distinction between a literary thief and one who gathers from innumerable sources the materials which he fuses into a new and homogeneous composition, is shown in the well known colloquy between the two broom sellers: "I do not understand how you can undersell me," said one, "for I steal my materials." "The explanation is simple," rejoined the other: "I steal my brooms ready made."

They are a wise people, like the Conies, who inhabit Isle Perrot, opposite St. Anne's, Quebec. A French-Canadian lately got employed by the C.P.R. on their line there, and out of gratitude christened the next arrival by the name of "C.P.R." The priest could not understand the Christian name, but it was of no use. *Pere et mere* insisted on the name and the boy was baptized accordingly. We wonder if Sir William Van Horne will give some acknowledgment of the paternity.

The King of Siam has a quaint humor, and though a most civilized person on the whole, occasionally develops tokens of orientalism. While in Rome recently, he went driving with King Humbert, and noticed that the various ecclesiastics and students who passed never saluted the King as other people did. He asked his royal host the reason. "They belong to the Vatican," replied the King. The Siamese monarch looked slyly at his companion and enquired: "Haven't you any gallews?"

A well known Roman Catholic lady wrote to the Duke of Wellington asking for a subscription of one hundred pounds towards the restoration of a Roman Catholic church. The Duke replied: "Dear Lady X., I shall be happy to subscribe the sum you ask for to the admirable work in question. At the same time I may mention that I myself am about to undertake the restoration of the Protestant church at Strathfieldsay; and I have not the least doubt that you will assist me with a like sum. Only I think in that case no money need pass between us."

In 1845 Lord Boyle, afterwards Earl of Glasgow, was making a political speech in Renfrewshire. He was a robust, plain-spoken man. Up from the back of the audience arose a workingman who desired to ask a question—a man with hair on his chest, sooty face and grimy hands, who shouted: "Tell us what articles you would admit free of duty." Lord Boyle resented this leading question, one that he was taking particular pains to avoid, and shaking his fist furiously at the offender he said: "You black son of Satan, the first thing I'll admit free of duty will be soap—soap, sir, soap!" The grimy person retired at once.

Rev. Lorenzo Dow, the famous itinerant Methodist preacher, when he was a widower, said to the congregation one day at the close of his sermon: "I am a candidate for matrimony, and if there is any woman in this audience who is willing to marry me, I would thank her to rise." A woman rose very near the pulpit, and another in a distant part of the house. Mr. Dow paused a moment, and then said: "There are two; I think this one near me rose first; at any rate, I will have her for my wife." This woman was in good standing and possessed of considerable property. Very soon after this eccentric wooing she became Mrs. Dow.

Although the name of Biddle is a well known one to many besides the Four Hundred of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Washington, Baltimore and elsewhere, it seems that this magic name conveyed only dense confusion to an Englishman once visiting the City of Brotherly Love, as proved by the following little story: After a sojourn for a week in that quiet but delightful place, where he was *fed* and honored to his heart's content, he asked a friend confidentially, "Can you tell me what they mean here by a 'biddle'?" "I hear it continually and on all sides," she is a biddle—"Oh! he is a biddle, you know!" "They are all right of course,"

they are biddles"—Now, what in the name of all that is unmentionable is a biddle?"

Between You and Me.

"**A**RE they in society?" is a question sometimes asked when one desires enlightenment in regard to "unknown quantities." It is, on the whole, a caddish question, based upon a vulgar valuation of humanity, and really means nothing, any more than an answer to it does. For there is many a person gaily frisking in the gilded halls, or at least in some of them, who should be outside, and many another, indifferently or modestly lingering on the roadway, who should be seated honorably well above the salt. I saw a very funny little sentence in a clever column written for a United States paper, which thus contrasts the society of thirty or forty years ago with to-day's manifestation: "Of course it was a comparatively simple society, made up merely of folks who were folks, and not to be compared with the social product of times of great pecuniary enlargement like those now present, when the best society includes no one whose steam-yacht measures less than one hundred and seventy feet on the water-line and who is not connected by marriage or intense sympathy with the British peerage. Still, it was the best society the times afforded, and certainly in its humble way it was good."

Wealth has come ironically to some persons, seemingly as if to say, "You have nothing else; here's a pot of money. Just let me have the fun of seeing you get ahead of birth and brains, and all the precious things of life with vulgar gold." But do they get ahead? Nay, nay, there is just the difference in their progress that one sees between the noiseless upward flight of a bird and the puff, snort and grunt of a steam engine. I never see the tearing, noisy, brutal, domineering engine come puffing, screeching and banging into a peaceful stretch of country but it suggests to me the arrogant and stupid being who has banked his millions and is fattening upon them, with much vulgar crunching of bones, and supping of soup, and awfulness of various sorts. So long as the rich man is absorbed in money-making he is like the engine dragging its train, and one can forgive a little noise, and dust, and smoke. But when he comes to the terminus, (which is often society), and lets off steam, and frets and fumes, and is a distress and a nuisance, then one realizes that to be a rich man is not enough. It is even worse when he adds to his own inflating, puff of wind, generated, as the writer puts it, "by marriage or intense sympathy with the British peerage." And meanwhile the bird flies heavenward and breathes pure, rare air, and sings to the eternal worlds, and is not worried because it has not a marble palace at Newport, nor a yacht one hundred and seventy feet on the water line.

I am glad I am not a lady bicyclist in Berlin. When you get a wheel there you must take out a permit from the police, give your description to the smallest particular of personal appearance, then be prepared to be stopped at any time by a policeman and your license demanded. There is nothing to pay, no fee nor fine, but I am sure ten dollars as the price of being let live would be a cheap alternative.

By the way, talking about policemen reminds me of the bad two hours some of the force had while guarding the entrance to a down-town place of worship before the arrival of a fashionable wedding party the other day. Hundreds of hot and angry women crowded around those immense men, the expression of whose crimson faces gradually changed from good-natured firmness to angry impatience, and even brutality. Those women were really enough to drive even so long-suffering a creature as a policeman, on special duty for a wedding, to some roughness. "How dare you!" said an apoplectic dame as a great pair firmly pushed her arm. "I am one of the guests." "I have no orders," said the policeman shortly, and studied the sign over the shop across the way. While he was looking abstractedly up, two girls, slim and lithe as panthers, dodged behind him and fled up the canopied walk to the door. There they presented tickets as guests, and the verger, after a curious look at their cotton shirt-waists and hats a trifle the worse for the summer's wear, shrugged his shoulders and let them giggle themselves into the church. For two hours the street was crowded with the gaping, curious multitude, clean or dirty, rich or poor, and all basking in the hot sun. In reading of the zealous performance of the police in other quarters to those who "hesitate," I wondered why that wretchedly curious and senseless crowd was allowed to gather and block the street for two hours. Surely it did not all arrive at once, drop down from the clouds or spring up from the asphalt. One person is a crowd in Toronto and dealt with as such, and a crowd isn't anybody.

Quite a while ago I told a little boy's history in this column as a living instance of how much good had been done in one case by the Mimico Industrial School. The little boy lost his arm by being run over when selling papers, and he was so little and so ignorant that it seemed as if the world had nothing in the future for him. At Mimico, where it needed banded knees to get him admitted, the little boy was educated. Then he began to make his own living. One day last week a strapping fellow in bicycle clothes blocked up the sanctum door and asked, half laughing, "May I come in?" We were close friends years ago, but I could scarcely believe that it was our little Irish boy! And he told me all his ups and downs; over to England on a cattle ship for the experience, sick at heart with the squalor and wickedness of Liverpool docks; (don't you know those horrid docks?) back to America, working gradually up, then a pause, a cornerwise look, and in carefully indifferent tones, "You know I'm married," and a bounce from me, and further particulars, and last of all the climax, "And I've got a boy two months old." I felt like Methuselah! It seemed but yesterday since I saw the wee wounded child being tenderly placed in a bed at the Hospital. And to-day a wife, a baby, money saved and a smart bicycle outfit that had cost something. "Well, well," said I finally. "It does seem as if losing your arm

A Sufficient Reason



Pat—Wad ye give me a chew er terbacca, Mike?
Mike—Oi would, who would I say it?
Pat (after a pause)—Then why don't ye?
Mike—Because Oi haven't any. Oi would if Oi could.—Pick-Me-Up.

was the turning point of your life." Then came into his face the look of the little boy of long ago, the dear, Irish, confiding, lovely look that had won me the minute I saw it. "No," he said earnestly, "the turning point in my life was when you came and sat by me at the Hospital, and took hold of my hand. You've never let go of it." And that moment and what it brought me will sweeten all the bitter things for a good while. LADY GAY.

The Doings of the Bicycle.

A CHANT ROYAL.

I.
Who sitteth in the dark and knows no day?
I, Samuel Jones-Mintern, so abide
These two days gone, because I made essay
Upon a broncho bicycle to ride
At my Amanda's wish, foolhardily.
There was a stone, that I did not foresee,
Upon the road. One other, where I lit,
Flinted my face. Wherefore it is I sit
In sorrow and these poulitices: most ill
To think how large on my raw face is writ:
"Behold the doings of the bicycle."

II.
Oh, listen, though my note be nothing gay—
Too oft had Brown, by my Amanda's side,
Ridden along the asphalt of the highway.
Casting his scorn upon me and his pride
Because I had no bicycle, nor fee
To purchase one, for my sad poverty.
Me, did Amanda, too, not seldom twit
With lack of such. So much I will admit:
But that she scorned me? No—I never will!
Brown had that story of his own weak wit.
Behold the doings of the bicycle.

III.
Those borrow oftentimes who cannot pay.
And need of friendship is of friends supplied:
A bicycle I borrowed, and away
Wrestled a little with it on the side;
Till I could navigate it, presently.
As ships are navigated in much sea.
Yea! and at last so was my vessel split
Upon a hidden rock, as was most fit.
For, coasting with her down the High Park
(I speak it not, for here thou seest it,
Behold the doings of the bicycle.)

IV.
What do I sing? They sent me in a dray—
'Een in a dray—they sent me home. I died
A hundred deaths. There were no springs, I say!
No springs in it! . . . Lo! am I mortified.
O fated wheel that wrought my infamy.
Thou, too, hast shorn the locks of Paderewski,
And skimmed the skirt of Modesty, to flit
Through staring streets, who otherwhiles would
Sweetly at home, with workbook and needle—
Garments to sew and neck-kerchiefs to knit—
Behold the doings of the bicycle!

Envoi.
Lovers, I sing but for your benefit.
Let your Amanda's chafe; yield not a whit,
Schooled by the chance of other lovers' spill.
Point—point at me and ever answer: "Nit—
Behold the doings of the bicycle!"
Toronto, Sept., '97. O.H.

Similar Jokes.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* calls attention to the fact that real jokes are few, but that, as they are always suggesting their duplicates, humorists may still depend upon ringing necessary changes and keeping the supply good to the last. Nothing is more certain than that one anecdote does bring forth another; and no one can say whether a funny man deliberately copies and revamps, or whether his *mots* also are genuine.

There is the old story of a British railway. A traveler had left his wrap in a railway carriage, and the guard, opening the door, enquired:
"Is there a black mackintosh here?"
"No," answered one of the big Highlanders inside, "there is no black mackintosh, but there are six red Macgregors."

This story would almost seem to have been copied in another railway story. A clerical passenger looked up from his book.
"Have you read Lamb's Tales?" asked he.
"No," said the man opposite, who happened to be a commercial traveler, "but I have black sheepskin rugs."

A Beautiful Adjustment.

Detroit Free Press.

Parke—I have a joint account in the bank with my wife now.
Lane—Good. You make an even thing of it, eh?
"Yes; I put the money in and she draws it out."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

WEE-WEE.—I am afraid you must wait a little; your writing is quite immature.

YOLANDE.—With many regrets I must refuse your request. With some hundred or more waiting a first study I cannot do you a second time.

SMALL TOUCHER.—My dear infant, your writing suggests the kindergarten! How can I wrest a character from its unformed and childish lines?

AVERIL, NORTON.—This study shows high sense of honor and self-reliance. Writer is capable, refined, hopeful and amiable, with a good deal of quiet force and a practical nature.

LITTLE HEARTSEASE.—I have prayed for enlightenment as to what you are good for, but in vain. I think you had better grow a little older, my dear. At present your lines are woefully wavering.

TAUPEWINGS.—Concentration, strong purpose and an extremely determined will, some ambition, careful method, some love of talking, good regard for appearances, but a lack of ease and finish. It is quite an interesting specimen. Writer should be something.

PRUDE.—You are a good deal of a materialist. Think less of what you are and more of your ideal. I like you, dear, and I don't see what you should cherish a life-long regret for. We all do, but we're fools for our pains. Be sensible, and kind, and cool, and you'll do.

NO GOOD.—A dashing, independent and emphatic person, impatient, impulsive and decidedly lacking in discretion. Great self-reliance and self-esteem are shown, with honesty and generosity. Writer has a bright and attractive manner and much energy, with strong affection and love of comfort.

MINNIE.—A direct, earnest and constant nature, with some discretion, good force and a rather quiet and practical turn. Writer is somewhat of an idealist and not particularly logical, but very sensible, a deep and thoughtful person, lacking all those little touches of *finesse* and tact which are the trimmings of a perfect woman-nature.

H. G. S.—I. Glad your paper is a friend of yours! 2. You are bright, talkative, not the one to tell a secret to, very arimated and quickly perceptive. You have also clear sequence of ideas and a rather hasty and impetuous way sometimes. It isn't a well-disciplined hand by any means, and you despond too easily; no buoyancy in it. I don't think you are developed as you should be.

N.Y.Z.—Are you not a foreigner? Your study shows a buoyant, enterprising and somewhat original nature, cautious in dealings and discreet in speech. You love a soft corner, are somewhat impatient, love beauty, and have a very correct sense of proportion. Though you sometimes "vapor," your judgment is, generally speaking, rather correct and reliable. It is far from an ordinary person who writes.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY.—Ah, Thomas, your mouth opens easy! You generally have something to say worth listening to. You are a close and clear reasoner, opposed to speculation, neat and apt in word and expression, careful of details, systematic and orderly, a person capable of responsibility, and as reliable as they make 'em. You don't give up a project lightly, and you never let sentiment stand in the way of business.

EVA.—Now, I can hardly believe in that *nom de plume*. It might better be John Henry. Your writing is immense. As to what it means, I am almost inclined to give it up. There are temper and obstinacy and wild ideas on every subject, and an incapacity of sympathy and a terribly pessimistic streak, and love of comfort, sudden jumps from coldness to demonstrativeness and back again. I don't know what you'll be or do, if you keep on, and yet somehow I find myself liking your awful study.

HELENA M.—A person of many enterprises and clever and original thought. You are very self-reliant, tenacious and assertive. I don't believe people often find you willing to hearken to their tale of woe. You're apt to make short work of winners. You're ably calculated to make your way if push and determination can do it. You are capable of intense emotion, adore all the luxuries, but perhaps don't get them, and, without weakness, you're distinctly feminine, an idealist and of varied and bright thoughts.

ELIDA.—I am sure you could be a nurse, and if I were not very ill I'd like you to nurse me. A bright, sensible and buoyant person you are, adaptable, practical and sweet-natured. You have some sympathy and can keep your own counsel. I think that the age at which a girl can cultivate a devoted attachment depends a good deal on the sort of girl. Some are precocious and others need a deal of time for sentiment. Sixteen is decidedly an unusual age

to develop a grand passion. Wait at least till you've put on long dresses.

LA PETITE DIABLE.—Such is your French, my child; I am not responsible for a feminine devil. There isn't such a person. How I enjoyed your experience in Scotland. I had the mate to it in Tipperary. Are all savage nations alike? Don't be dismayed by the old folks at home. You are "no that bad," huzzy or no huzzy. By the way, the first time I rode down town I was called a *brazen huzzy*. How would you like that, *mon petit diable*? 2. Your writing shows generosity, discretion of conduct, but rather a ready utterance; you are pretty well satisfied with yourself and have an honest, frank and fearless nature; can make yourself at home in any surroundings; you are clear in ideas and have some power in argument; are careless in little things and not particularly sympathetic. Just a fine, hearty, healthy lass, the kind that isn't easily spoiled.

A Serious Affray.

Princeton Tiger.

Son (who had been caught reading a dime-novel)—Unhand me, tyrant, or there may be bloodshed!

Father—No, my son; there will be nothing more serious than woodshed. Come; that is where the strap hangs.

Protection...

Soft little slippers, for the soft little feet;
Patent leather ties, stylish and neat;
The business shoe, impossible to beat;
Broad sole comfort shoes, a regular treat.

We have them all—but don't ask us to guarantee any patent leather. All other shoes we sell we can guarantee, but patent leather is uncertain. We buy only the best, and can simply give you the assurance that you can find no better.



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Studio and Gallery

The very interesting exhibit of the art department of Moulton College shown on Friday and Saturday of last week was in itself a visible setting forth of the principles aimed at in the quite scholastic course attempted in that school. Illustrations of the various steps in the course from the rudiments to the advanced stages were among the display. The beginner commences with the drawing of geometrical forms, enabling him to form ideas of outline, and of tones and planes of tone; thence to objects combining color with tone. Block casts come next—the simple construction of these showing masses of light and shade. A study of the copies of the finer antique come next, Venus de Milo, Naples Psyche, Niobe, Apollo Belvidere, etc., drawing and modeling of these, and modeling after casts of Del Robbia, Dona Tello, preparatory to low relief. Thence to study from life. This is very evidently quite an academic course and must, if rightly digested, produce a school of intelligent artists. The children's class is the gem of the course. These little neophytes show the traces of their earlier proclivities for "mud," and many life-like little shapes from this plastic and infantile matter show unto what artistic shapes their mud-loving tendencies can be developed. Some of the drawing and shading is more, almost, than could be expected from uncertain fingers and *battre la campagne* minds.

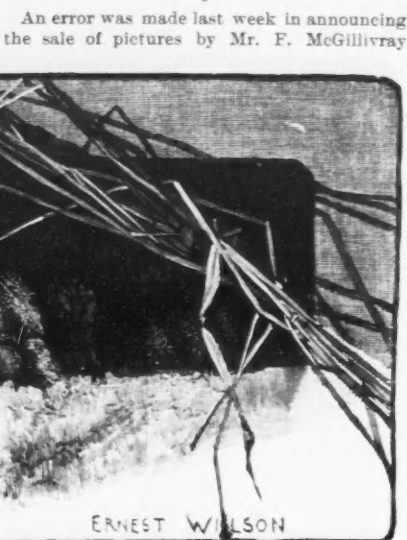
Considerable attention is given to pen and ink work, of which many clever examples were shown. This is a good course of training for intending illustrators, of which not a few have gone forth from this school. Some very clever crayon studies were also there. Miss Williams and Miss Lindsay's water-colors are full of feeling and harmonious in tone. In oils, Miss Chambers, Miss Watton, Miss Aikens, Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Hoover have some very nice paintings. Altogether a very distinct attempt is made to get as near nature as may be, and to thoroughly ground the intending artist in the rudiments before attempting higher work. The whole course reflects great credit upon the directress, Mrs. Dignam.

Miss Irvine, who is to have charge of the ceramic course, shows several samples of her art. One particularly fine piece was a figure, a girl and mandolin, extremely beautiful in coloring and graceful in outline, full of vitality. Miss Irvine is a pupil of Madame Richert, and judging from her own productions is well qualified to instruct others. One thing which impressed us as being a sad deficiency in this otherwise complete and modern course was

that no place is given to art needlework. Our maternal "forebears" would hardly consider such a course complete in a ladies' school, and we quite agree with them.

Mr. Henry Martin has been for many years before the public as an artist, although more in an educational way. Very much of his time in the past has been devoted to teaching both privately and in public institutions. Brantford Ladies' College and the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton, have long enjoyed the privilege of Mr. Martin's instructions. He has, however, felt himself hampered by such engagements from following the bent of his own inclinations along artistic lines, and all will be glad to know that in the future Mr. Martin intends devoting himself entirely to painting. For several years he has given an exhibition of his works in Ham-

ton—exhibitions which have met with very general approval. At no very late date Mr. Martin intends giving such an exhibition in London, and judging from the hints of work as seen in uncompleted sketches we are very sure it will be much superior to any given by him previously. A great deal of Mr. Martin's time has been spent recently in studying local scenery, particularly water and sky, in which Mr. Martin certainly excels. Several scenes around Port Dalhousie are among his collection, one a very pleasing water piece showing a small stretch of water of dainty calmness; another a beach at the same place giving emphasis to the three distinct yet harmonious tones of sky, water and sand; another still on the river, portraying gleaming clouds, with quiet masses of distant foliage; a scene on the Niagara of much grandeur, the deep green of the quiet, treacherous river being very life-like; a view near Rosedale, with the great variety of lovely tints to be found in the masses of foliage in that district, a true picture of suburban beauty. There are also three very charming moonlight scenes; one a scene of quiet peacefulness and brightness, with expressive reflections; another, a more rugged and angry sky, more powerful and dramatic; and the third, a very harmonious work, with a tender and quiet scheme of light and clouds full of energy. One more is a morning effect on the Bay, a combination of various light delicacies, rosy tints, threatening shades, developing light. Mr. Martin has just finished a most striking scene in Venice; the mist, the rippling water coming on to one's feet, the luminous sky, the tones of the whole make it a picture of great luminosity and richness. We wish Mr. Martin every success in his new departure.



PROSPERITY.

Mr. Matthews has in charge at his gallery some very nice Dutch paintings, the work of the well known Dutch artist, Weiland. They are figures mainly, true representations of homely Dutch life and surroundings, and are remarkable, among other things, for strong lights.

Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith intends spending much of his time this winter in completing his scene of the Jubilee celebration at St. Paul's Cathedral. The public will await, no doubt, with interest, this interesting piece. Mr. Bell-Smith has just finished a portrait of Rabbi Benjamin, which is to hang in the Jewish Synagogue. The public are invited to view some of his works in his studio on the first Saturday of every month.

A meeting of ceramic artists of the city is soon to be held to determine whether or not it would be advisable to hold a separate exhibition of this work alone. As it is now, ceramic art has really no place in the art world. It occupies a corner in several exhibitions in a medley of other collections, is apologized for at a regular exhibition of paintings, or is accorded a shelf in a china store as an advertisement. If it has any feet to stand on and sufficient vertebrae to support its own weight, it certainly should insist on being recognized as possessing inherent, unborrowed life. Chicago has such an exhibition on a much larger scale, it is true. The public here have never yet had a complete idea of what is being done. It is only a disjointed, fragmentary idea that can be obtained from any views of china painting given here so far.

Miss May Grant of Dovercourt road, who is at present on a visit to relatives, Mrs. Grant, The Tews, Heaton Moor, Manchester, and who has also been touring recently among the lovely Scottish scenery immortalized by Sir Walter Scott, writes of the very successful annual autumn exhibitions in Liverpool. The chief picture was one lent by Her Majesty, the well known Roll Call. It occupied a prominent place and was beautifully draped. A splendid portrait of Dr. John Watson (Ian MacLaren) has been presented by himself to this gallery. The pictures comprised in all about one thousand three hundred and forty-two.

A New York etcher, an exchange tells us, recently set himself to the task of etching a portrait of Andrew Lang, the English poet. He ordered a photograph of his subject from a dealer. When it arrived he made an elaborate etching, of which an art-dealer bought copies. Lang is a man of about forty years of age, with a long, slender face and a drooping

knowles for September 24. The date should be October 28.

JEAN GRANT.

A Sizzler.

Philadelphia North American.

"The warmest day that I can remember," said the old wag reminiscently, "was one in August, 1886. On that day it was so all-fired hot that, going out of the room for a minute, when I returned my father was smoking."

She Was Too Fresh.

Kincaid Review.

Edward Bellamy made a great deal more by "Looking Backward" than the late Mrs. Lot did.

Compulsory.

Truth.

Inebriate—Shay, help me home, will you? Friend (disapprovingly)—I should think home was the last place you'd want in your shape. Inebriate (candidly)—It is. But it's only plashe they'll have me.

Kidney Trouble Cured.

A Well Known Hotel-Keeper Relates His Experience.

He Suffered Greatly From Kidney Trouble and Indigestion. He Doctored for a Long Time Without Getting Any Relief. From the Standard, Cornwall.

The march of the world's progress is forced, protracted and continuous, the competition for supremacy is keen. The man of business must keep rank if he would secure any covetable measure of success. The watchfulness, vigilance and thought involved in modern superintendency produces a severe strain on the physical and mental powers of modern business men, and exposes them to the attacks of certain diseases. Considering that much depends on health in this struggle, it behooves those who would be victorious to guard against the first approach of disease. Neglect of early adjustment of digestive and kidney disorders is often fraught with dire results, added to this is the unparadoxical trifling with health by experimenting with all manner of worthless decoctions. It is simply invaluable to make the acquaintance of a safe and effective remedy such as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. James Macpherson, hotel-keeper in the village of Lancaster, Glangarry county, has done business for a number of years in Lancaster, and having successfully catered for the patronage of the traveling public, therefore is favorably known not only at home but also abroad. In conversation with a newspaper reporter he enumerated some of the ailments and how he was cured. About two years ago he said, "my whole digestive apparatus seemed to become disordered. Some days I could move around, then again I would be obliged to go to bed. I tried several things but with indifferent success. Occasionally I felt relieved, but in a day or two the old symptoms would return with a more depressing effect. This kind of thing went on until I became troubled with my kidneys, which was a very annoying addition to my sufferings. I was restless, with a sensation of sickness at the stomach, with intermittent pain in the small of the back. I was miserable enough when I consulted the doctor who probably did me some good, because I felt relieved. The doctor's medicine was taken and his directions obeyed, but I did not improve. I had heard of the fame of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My wife believed in them and urged me to try them. I am glad I did so for after taking one box I felt better, and I continued taking the pills until I was completely cured. This summer I had an attack of the same complaints and I found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as effective as before. I had this advantage, my knowledge and belief in the pills saved me from costly and tedious experimenting such as I had undergone previously. I may further add that both myself and Mrs. Macpherson have derived much benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I can cordially recommend them to those who are suffering similarly."

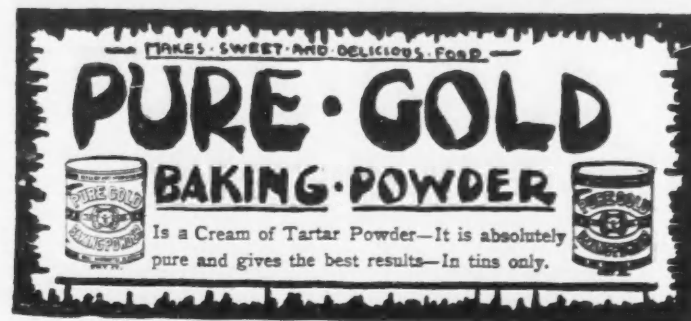
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerve, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

If your digestive powers are deficient you need something now to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties:

Take the pleasantest of Malt Beverages—

John Labatt's Ale and Porter

They are Pure and Wholesome and will do you good. TRY THEM. For sale by all Wine and Liquor Merchants.



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The Affable Explainer.

Washington Star.

"Yes," said the politician. "I said I was the workman's friend."
"But you don't do any work," suggested the man with calloused hands.
"No—not at present."
"And you never did any work."
"That's true. You see, what the workman needs most is work. And I am too much the workman's friend to run any risk of taking work away from him."

Mutual Terrors.

Dublin World.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—The constable says you are a terror to the neighborhood.
Prisoner—I ain't sich a tirror to the neighborhood as 'e is. You should jist see the people up our court run when they sees 'im a comin'.
So dreadfully common.
Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"No, we don't permit our names to go in the directory, you know."
"And why not?"
"So deuced common, don't you know. Why, last year my name was sandwiched in between a garbage collector and a city councilman! It's a fact, 'pon honah."

No Heavy Chains For Us.

In his published account of the exile system in Russia, Mr. George Kennan describes the dreary march of the poor exiles towards Siberia—the men among them having heavy chains fastened to their legs to prevent their escape. It is possible of course to make progress under those conditions, but it is hard, slow, miserable work. So it is when one has to carry any burden, whether on the body or on the mind. Still, said to say, the majority of us have to labor and get about more or less handicapped. I was managed to keep on my feet and attend to my duties, writes a correspondent, "but it was a heavy, toilsome matter. There were no chains in her case, but there was something quite as hard to carry—disease and pain; and whosoever could have rid her of it would have proved himself the friend in need, who is a friend indeed."

"In the spring of 1889," she says, "I began to feel great lassitude and weakness. The latter I could understand, for I was then eating little or nothing. My appetite was clean gone, and such small amounts of food as I took lay upon me like a weight, dead and cold, giving me no warmth or strength."
"I suffered much from headache, and had a strange, sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach. Nothing abated this feeling; it was constant; food had no effect upon it. I am not able to recall the medicines I used in the vain hope of benefit. They were very many, including everything I could think of or hear of. But it all turned out to be a loss of time and a waste of money. Cold water from the tap helped me quite as much. And I have often thought since then, what a pity it is that, in illness, one has to try so many things—and often so many doctors, too—before finding a means of cure. Oh, if it were only possible to know the proper remedy at the very first, what

When You ask

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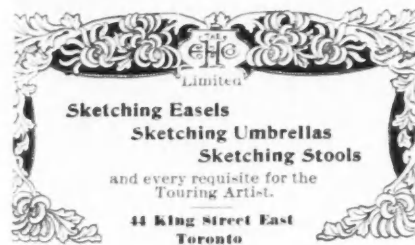
a blessing it would be!
"Well, it is enough to say that year after year I was doomed to suffer in this way: today feeling a little better, to-morrow worse again. I managed to keep about, but it was hard work. I made me think of the Pilgrim in Bunyan's story, carrying his load."
"At last, when we were altogether at a loss what further to do, my husband suggested Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. He had once suffered from a painful and obstinate form of indigestion and dyspepsia, and was completely cured by the Syrup after having tried a long list of alleged remedies to no purpose. Hence it occurred to him that my trouble might really be the same, and if so, he thought Seigel's Syrup ought to be as good for me as it had been for him."

"And so, I am happy to say, it proved. We got a bottle from Mr. Herbert, chemist, Great James street, Lisson Grove, and that one bottle made a new woman of me. My appetite came back, the pains abated, and finally went away altogether, and my food relished and digested. After that the road to health was short and easy. My strength grew until I was well and sound once more. To show my appreciation of the remedy to which I am indebted for this result, I willingly consent to the publication of the facts as I here give them. (Signed) Mrs. Gertrude Taylor, 27 Oakley road, Southgate road, Islington, London, January 23rd, 1888."
Mr. Taylor's inference was so true and sensible that we can only regret he had not drawn it earlier in his wife's illness. But indigestion or dyspepsia has more disguises than a professional player, and it is often puzzling to know where to have it. But it is always a burden, and Mother Seigel's Syrup throws the burden off. Nothing else is so good to help people to get about lightly and without effort.

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An inspection invited. Hours 2 to 5 p.m.

Music.

Great interest is being manifested in local musical circles at the approaching concert to be given by the famous Kneisel String Quartette in Association Hall on the evening of October 7. The ladies forming the committee of the Chamber Music Association are to be congratulated upon their success in securing a date for the Quartette and upon their enterprise in risking the engagement of this high-priced and world-renowned organization. But one evening was open for this section of country, and Toronto was so fortunate as to secure it. Musicians who have been keeping in touch with the times need not be told of the superior qualifications of the Kneisels. Their recent visit to England and their concerts in London proved as great triumphs as upon the occasion of their first visit to that country. The most conservative of English critics felt the perfection of their ensemble as "a revelation," and the quartette was on all sides pronounced the finest heard in England for many years. As a striking expression of the advance which has been made in America in musical matters of late years, no organization is better calculated to demonstrate this fact than the superb Boston quartette. It holds the same place among the world's greatest string music organizations as the Boston Symphony Orchestra occupies as an orchestra. A subscribers' list is now at Nordheimer's. Choice of seats will follow the order in which subscriptions are received. It is hoped and believed that the confidence felt by the ladies of the Chamber Music Association in the musical standing of this city will be more than justified by the size of the audience at the approaching concert.

The Metropolitan School of Music, Mr. W. O. Forsyth music director, is very energetically in evidence this season. The attendance of pupils on Saturday last lacked but seven of being double what it was at the corresponding date last year. Under these circumstances there is certainly good reason for satisfaction and confidence on the part of the institution's executive. In order to make the annual scholarships of increased time value, the Metropolitan has brought forward those for this year a month earlier than usual. In the piano department scholarships are offered under Mr. W. O. Forsyth, Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, Mr. Cecil Carl Forsyth, Miss C. M. Tufford and Miss H. S. Taylor. Soprano and contralto voices are eligible for two vocal scholarships under Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Parsons. A scholarship is also offered under Miss Belle H. Noonan, the new principal of the elementary department, whom the directors engaged from Boston and who arrived in Toronto on Thursday. Both ladies and gentlemen may enter for the eleventh scholarship, the only restriction being against those who have taken a professional course of study. As candidates for these scholarships will only be accepted up to Monday next, those who purpose competing, and have not already registered, should immediately write to or call on the secretary of the Metropolitan, corner of Queen street and Macdonell avenue.

It was announced through the daily press some time ago that the competition in connection with the preparation of the new University of Toronto song book would close on September 1, but the committee has reconsidered this, because the competition was only decided upon after college closed last spring, and was not generally known of among the students. For this reason the date has been changed to November 1, so that all the students may hear of it, and have a chance to compete after college opens in October. The terms of the competition, as already announced, are as follows: A prize of \$25 for the best topical University of Toronto song (words and music); a prize of \$15 for the best setting of college words to some existing melody. The committee retains whatever songs it sees fit, with right to publish them. Copyrights of prize songs to be the property of the Glee Club. General adaptability to college chorus singing, rather than technical musical merit, to be the criterion. Compositions will be received until November 1, 1897, by the secretary of the committee, J. L. R. Parsons, 963 Spadina avenue, Toronto.

Mr. John Crane, the well known Peterboro' choir-master, in an interesting letter to the editor of this column makes the following references to his recent musical experiences in England: "I spent some six weeks in Paris and London this summer and had the pleasure of hearing the concerts of the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. They were very fine. Three thousand voices were in the chorus, and one cannot but admire the wonderful precision and grand effect with which they sing their work. Albani, Mme. Mackenzie, Santley and Lloyd were the soloists. Having received SATURDAY NIGHT with your remarks about Albani's singing of the Messiah solos in Toronto, and the unwarrantable liberties she took with the music as regards tempo and phrasing, it was only the next day that I heard her, and what you referred to was very apparent in her singing—in fact, the audience took her work with distinct coldness, especially in I Know That My Redeemer Liveth. In striking contrast was the artistic phrasing and singing generally of Lloyd and Santley. They aroused immense enthusiasm."

Those who were present at the opening of the new Jewish Synagogue on Wednesday afternoon of last week were much impressed by the particularly fine musical service prepared for the occasion under the direction of Rev. Mr. Salomon, who was assisted by Mme. Adele Strauss Youngheart, the popular local concert soprano. A small but carefully chosen choir rendered a number of choruses in admirable style. Several of the singers were prominent New York soloists, who were specially engaged for the occasion. The musical arrangements at the Synagogue are a credit to the congregation. An effective two-manual organ, one of the last built by Messrs. Warren & Son before their removal to Woodstock, is efficiently presided at by Miss Youmans. Besides the New York artists and the fine singing of Mme. Youngheart and Rev. Mr. Salomon, mention should also be made of an effectively rendered solo by Miss Mintz, a young lady with a voice of rare possibilities.

Attention is directed to the card of Mr. Peter

C. Kennedy, which appears in another column of this issue. Mr. Kennedy, as organist and choir-master of St. Mark's (Anglican) church, Parkdale, and as a member of the piano and theoretical staff of the Metropolitan School of Music, is one of the best known and most successful musicians whose sphere is in the west end of Toronto. The musical services of St. Mark's church have a well earned reputation for character and finish. Testimony is constantly being afforded as to his ability as a teacher, by his pupils in concerts, and also by the standing they take in the Metropolitan's examinations. One of his pupils won the Mason & Risch scholarship last June for superiority in "second year" piano examinations.

The following letter re the question of the qualifications of choir-masters, will be of interest:

Musical Editor Saturday Night:

If you care for an opinion from an humble member of the chorus I would say that a choir-master should have a fair, and if possible a broad, musical education, together with sufficient tact and administrative ability to manage a mixed—sometimes very mixed—body of singers. The fact that he is also an organist will not prove any hindrance if he is really qualified as a choir-master. There is a class, however, who are apt to bring the double office into disrepute. I refer to more instrumentalists who in many cases are simply pianists with a top-dressing of organ technique, who consider themselves thereby qualified to take full charge of the music of a church. These are on a par with some "phenomenal" vocalists who are sometimes appointed to the office of choir-master chiefly on account of their ability to sing solos. As a matter of fact, good choir-masters are very, very scarce.

Yours truly,

SECOND BASS.

Mr. George E. Brame has re-opened his popular vocal and sight-singing classes at his studio, 46 Pembroke street, this being his fourteenth season. These classes have steadily advanced in the esteem of the public and profession year by year, and last season became affiliated with the Philharmonic Society. Mr. Brame's system embraces a thorough course of tuition in scale formation, modulation and true intonation, exercises specially designed to achieve these desirable results having been carefully selected. As it is rapidly becoming a *sine qua non* that singers should also be qualified to read music at sight, vocalists will find it to their advantage to take up this very important branch of study.

Attention is directed to the card, in another column, of Mr. William F. Robinson, teacher of singing, who has recently returned from the School of Vocal Science, New York. His studies were commenced with his brother, Mr. W. H. Robinson, and continued with Mr. Frank H. Osborne of New York, and later with Mr. Edward A. Hayes, principal of the School of Vocal Science at New York. Mr. Robinson, who will occupy the same studio formerly occupied by his brother at 143 Yonge street, has been appointed vocal instructor at the Toronto College of Music, Haverhill Hall and St. Margaret's College, and also conductor of the Ladies' Glee Club at Haverhill Hall.

Dr. C. E. Saunders has returned from New York, where he has been continuing his study of the system of voice training employed at the School of Vocal Science. He is now offering to teachers and advanced pupils, a special course in the physiology of singing, and claims that an accurate knowledge of this subject is of great assistance, particularly in the training of such voices as present abnormal difficulties. Dr. Saunders has been appointed vocal instructor at Haverhill Ladies' College and St. Margaret's College.

Miss Amy Robsart Jaffray, who has been specially engaged from Chicago for the vocal staff of the Metropolitan School of Music, besides teaching there will give lessons either in connection with that institution or privately at Messrs. Nordheimer's. Her professional announcement in another column states that she will be at Messrs. Nordheimer's for consultations between three and four o'clock on Tuesdays. Miss Jaffray has come to Toronto with exceptionally high credentials, both as a vocalist and as a teacher of singing.

The annual meeting of the Mendelssohn Choir will be held on Monday evening next in the Guild Hall, McGill street, when it is hoped all members' last year's chorus will be present. The election of officers and other business will be transacted. The work of re-organizing the chorus for future work will be deferred until after the meeting of next Monday evening.

The Male Chorus Club will hold their annual meeting on Tuesday evening next at the Conservatory of Music. The election of officers will take place and other important matters will be considered and arrangements made for conducting the society's work during the present season. A full attendance of the membership is requested.

The Gerhard Heintzman scholarship at the Toronto College of Music was competed for and won by Miss Lillian Porter. Miss Porter was also the winner of the Public school scholarship for the year 1895. This talented young lady's progress as a pianist since she began her studies under Mr. Torrington has been most creditable to herself and her instructor.

Miss Bonsall will give a song-recital next Thursday evening in St. George's Hall, and will be assisted by Signor Delasco, Mr. Mercier and Mr. Wark.

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Social and Personal.

Miss Florence Smith of Brunswick avenue left on September 22 to attend the wedding of her uncle, Mr. J. A. Warner of Cobourg.

Miss Alice Platts of Sherbourne street is entertaining a few of her friends this evening from 7.30 to 12 p.m.

Mrs. Frank Piper (nee Silliman) will be at home to her friends at 8 Dupont street on Thursday afternoon and evening, September 30.

Mr. J. Austin Smith of Toronto is preparing to publish a Toronto society directory, giving all manner of information as to dentists, physicians, artists, dressmakers, furriers, massage, baths, clubs, fire alarm numbers and location of keys, map of city, navigation and railway time-tables, theater plans, churches, hospitals, hotels, etc., etc. The outline of the work shows that it will be a very handy one.

The New York Sunday Herald says that one of our old Toronto girls, Miss Lottie R. Coleman, formerly of St. George street, was one of the prettiest and most prominent girls this season at Larchmont, New York.

Miss Edith McAuslan is visiting in the city for a few days prior to her departure for Fort William, where she intends to stay the winter.

Miss Maud Morrison of Euclid avenue and Mr. and Mrs. Lillie sailed from New York last Wednesday for Europe. They intend to spend the winter in Berlin.

Signor Tesseman, late principal tenor Her Majesty's Opera and Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, England, has resigned his position in the College of Music and is devoting himself to private teaching at his residence, in Bleecker street. After October 1 Signor Tesseman will also take up teaching in the west end.

A happy young bridal couple passed through Toronto this week en route from London to Victoria, B.C. The groom was Mr. Walter C. Nichol and the bride was formerly Miss Quila Moore of London, daughter of the late Dr. Moore. The bride's mother was Frances Josephine Hatton Moore, a daughter of the widely known John L. Hatton, the English composer. No prettier nor sweeter bride has taken wifely vows this year than Mrs. Walter Nichol. The marriage took place in London at the residence of the bride's mother at half-past two on Tuesday, Rev. Canon Dunn officiating. Dr. Charles Moore, step-brother of the bride, gave her away, and Mr. R. B. Harris of Hamilton was best man. Miss Winnifred Moore, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. Many beautiful gifts from prominent persons were showered upon the bride.

Colonel Sewell, the newly appointed United States Consul, who is already favorably becoming known to Toronto business men, has decided to remove his offices from the Mail Building, where they have been for many years, and will locate on the first floor of the SATURDAY NIGHT Building, where he has secured a suite of rooms. It affords SATURDAY NIGHT pleasure to welcome Colonel Sewell as a neighbor. This is another proof of the fact that Adelaide street is improving for business purposes and must continue to advance.

The little heir to Marlborough's dukedom is being considerably chased after by Royalty for some occult reason. The Queen sent a personal telegram of felicitation, and the Prince of Wales offered himself as godfather. Needless to add that the offer was accepted. Bright little Mamma Consuelo has evidently made her way with the kind rulers of the nation, and her son is the one whom the future king delights to honor.

Curiosity, excitement and sometimes real interest have drawn a lot of people to the meetings held this week by the Keswick fathers. One hears very queer snatches of conversation from all and sundry the audience as they stroll homeward. An old gentleman with a belligerent voice, a blind eye and a long cane, was shouting something about "the soul of Queen Victoria" as I skimmed past him in Gerard street on Wednesday. It sounded quite shocking to hear the immortal part of our Lady of Jubilees made the subject of dispute between the blind gentleman and his equally excited companion and guide.

Hon. Edward Blake returned to Toronto this week, looking brown as a berry and very well after a holiday at Murray Bay. Mrs. Blake is to return in a few days. Mr. Blake will not return to England before the new year.

Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman will be home next week. They crossed on the Numidian, which left Liverpool on September 16.

The editor of the Canadian-American of Chicago, Mr. Robert Matthews, was in town this week.

Miss Beatrice Aimee Thompson, eldest daughter of the late David William Thompson of Toronto, and Mr. George Edward Turner, Electrical Engineer, Western Electric Company, New York, were united in marriage on Saturday, September 11, by Rev. John McCann, rector of Calvary Church, New York. The happy couple will spend their honeymoon in the Eastern States, returning to New York, where they will take up their residence.

The marriage of Mr. John B. Miller, the genial and hospitable yachtsman and the President of the Parry Sound Lumber Company, and Miss Jean Thomson, daughter of the late John Thomson of Longford Mills, was quietly celebrated on Wednesday afternoon at 427 Jarvis street, the home of the bride's family. The bride and groom are both very popular, and many good wishes were waited their way by kind friends. Miss Thomson wore a simple and rich gown of white silk, and her pretty sister, Miss Nan Thomson, was her only attendant. Mr. Frank Polson was best man, and Dr. G. Macbeth Milligan was the officiating clergyman. The bride and groom left on the afternoon train for a trip east, and on their return will reside at Mr. Miller's home in Jarvis street, where his fair bride will receive in due course. It is no doubt a serious moment for his conferees on the Cruiser, when they contemplate

the possibility of "all the comforts of home" being set in opposition to the jolly life afloat, the mysterious four whistles, and the varied delightful pranks on record in the log-book of the smart little yacht. But the young bride also enjoys the sailing hours, and will no doubt be at once received into the mystic circle and learn the pass-word and the significance of four whistles. Very sweet and happy did she look as she bid good-bye to her little group of friends on Wednesday, and all good wishes go with her.

A very pleasant event took place at the residence of Mr. William Fullerton, Sherbourne street, last Tuesday evening, when the officers and teachers of All Saints' morning Sunday school gathered together and presented Capt. T. D. Lwyd with a set of Kingsley's works, he having been compelled through pressure of business to sever his connection as superintendent. In presenting the volumes the teachers expressed their sincere regret in losing Capt. Lwyd and the valuable and energetic help he has so long given in the work of the Sunday school, where for the past six years his genial personality has won the hearts of the teachers and scholars alike. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," but those who know Capt. Lwyd and have shared his labors in All Saints' morning school love him best.

Miss Louie Janes will be down for the races. A good many visitors are already in town, and let us, every one, pray for fine weather, which will allow the green stretches of the Woodbine lawns to blossom as a rose.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Manning's pretty theater party filled the boxes at the Grand and included the bridesmaids, best man and ushers of the Beatty-Cawthra bridal party, and Mr. and Mrs. Gus Bolte.

Mr. G. Chavignaud, a native of France, now residing in Toronto, will have some of his sketches on exhibition at the rooms of Messrs. C. J. Townsend & Co., 22 King street west, on Wednesday next, for sale on September 30. There are a number of original out-door sketches which have already received a place before the connoisseurs. Mr. Chavignaud's collection is really worth paying a visit to.



Building Addition

We beg to announce having taken in the recently vacated adjoining premises to afford us more space for the display of our stock of new goods; and with the

Increased Facilities

thus afforded us we aim to give shoppers every possible comfort and convenience. The ground floor of the new section will be reserved for

Housefurnishings

and we are inaugurating this move with a grand sale of

Linen Damasks

embracing with regular stock a special shipment of Bleached Damasks—slightly imperfect goods that we are disposing of at one-third less than regular prices. Special lines of Towels and Toweling. Linen and Cotton Sheetings and Pillow Cases. White Marseilles and Honeycomb Quilts. Pillows—Tea Cosies. Tapestry—Table Covers. Cretonnes—Art Muslins. Flannels—Flannelettes.

Mail Orders

for goods or samples of the above receive usual care and attention.

John Catto & Son

KING STREET, TORONTO

A SONG RECITAL

WILL BE GIVEN BY

Miss Bessie Bonsall

CONTRALTO

ASSISTED BY

Sig. P. DELASCO - Mons. MERCIER

Mr. CHARLES WARK

ON

Thursday Evening, Sept. 30th

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, IN

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, ELM STREET

Tickets, 50c. and 75c., to be had at Ashdown's, 88

Yonge Street.

FALL RACES

WOODBINE, TORONTO

SEVEN DAYS

SATURDAY, SEPT. 25th Under Auspices

TO SATURDAY, OCT. 2nd of Toronto Hunt

Greatest Racing Yet Seen in Canada

Privileged badges, admitting holder and two ladies for whole period of meeting, \$10. Privileged badge for single day, admitting holder only, \$2. Admission to stand and betting rings, \$1. For badges and all information, apply to STEWART HOUSTON, 18 Toronto Street.

Millinery Opening

We beg to announce to the ladies of Toronto that we will hold our regular Fall Millinery Opening for three days, beginning

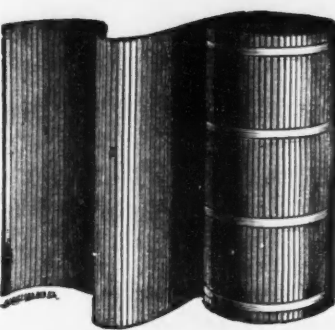
TO-DAY

We will have on view the very latest designs and fashions, imported from the fashions centers of Paris, London and New York.

In our Fur Department Seal and Persian Lamb Jackets are our specialty.

R. WOLFE

107 Yonge St.



Folded Paper Carpet Lining

... IT HAS NO EQUAL ...

Sanitary, Vermin Proof, Warm, Durable, Deadens Sound, Saves the Wear of the Carpet and makes it feel richer and thicker. No house is completely furnished without this lining beneath the carpet.

STAIR PADS

IN THREE SIZES—5-8, 8-4, 7-8

We are the sole manufacturers for Canada.

S. A. LAZIER & SONS, Belleville, Ont.

For sale by Best Carpet Dealers. If your dealer will not supply you, it can be ordered direct from the factory.



Fashion Furs

Reliable. Stylish. Well-Made. Well-Fitting.

Manufactured by ourselves as practical Furriers, known to the Canadian fur-buying public for 25 years

J. & J. LUGSDIN

(Fairweather & Co.)

122-124 YONGE STREET



Look, Ladies!

at that solid rubber core and then, knowing the great wearing qualities of rubberized cloth, you can readily understand why

The "Tube" Bias Dress Binding

IS THE... "PROTECTOR" THAT "PROTECTS"

It is waterproof. It never fades, frays or becomes ragged. It is an extender as well, and the only binding giving a tailor-made finish to the dress. Ask your dealer to show you the "Lip" Bias Dress Binding also. It is of different construction, but has the same qualities as the "Tube."

Worth's Latest French Skirt Pattern Free with Every Purchase

PROPERTY FOR SALE

72 West Lodge..

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"REINDEER" makes a perfect cup of coffee.

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sulting Physician and Medical Electrician, 12

St. Patrick St. Hours: 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Diseases

of the Blood, Consumption and Tumors.

DR. E. M. COOK

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chitis and Catarrh specially. 90 College street.

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MASSAGE—MISS JENNER, graduate of Char-

ing Cross Hospital, London, Eng., is open to

all nursing engagements. Telephone 3810.

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DRESSMAKING.

Millinery and Dressmaking

FALL OPENING

Latest novelties in French and American Patterns.

Inspection cordially invited.

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Mgr. FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM

57 King Street West (1st Flt)

Millinery and Dressmaking

Mrs. Brayley has just returned from New York

with the very latest novelties in all our lines.

Wedding and Evening Costumes are our spe-

cialty. Out-of-town orders promptly filled.

BRAYLEY & CO., 350 COLLEGE STREET

MRS. ROBERTSON

Infants' Outfits from \$10. (Late Mrs. J. Philip)

Ladies' Trousseau to order.

Children's Dresses from 50c.

Small Children's Clothing

All kinds to order. 6 College Street

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Catering Establishment

Leader Lane & Wellington St.

Leading Caterers

For estimates and prices ap-

ply to ALBERT WILLIAMS,

Proprietor

Social and Personal.

Mr. Walter C. Nichol, who was married in London on Tuesday to Miss Quila Moore, passed through the city this week with his bride, en route for British Columbia. Mr. Nichol was waited upon at the Queen's Hotel on Wednesday morning by a deputation of Toronto newspaper men and presented with an Oxford edition of Shakespeare, and, on behalf of Mrs. Nichol, with a bronze traveling clock. Nearly every newspaper in the city was represented in the gifts, showing how wide is the range of Mr. Nichol's friendship among press men. He goes to British Columbia to engage in journalism, and being a man of the highest capacities, much is expected of him by the men of the Ontario press.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Totten returned from the seaside, and Mrs. Totten went to visit relatives in the country. I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Totten are again to take up their abode at Mrs. Mason's, Spadina road.

Mrs. Granville Cunningham has returned to Montreal, en route to England.

The illness of Mrs. Joseph Macdougall of Carlton Lodge will deprive her friends of her bright companionship for some weeks. A mild attack of typhoid is, I am told, decided to have set in.

Mrs. Charles Crowley is to make her debut on the concert stage this season, under the management of Mr. T. P. Schneider. It is not necessary to remind those who heard Mrs. Crowley at private musicales last season, of her charm and delightful vocalism.

Mrs. and Miss Macdonald of Oaklands have returned from a visit to Preston Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Beatty, Mrs. Casimir Gzowski and her family, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick and their young people, are again in their city homes after summering on the Island and elsewhere.

Mr. Frank G. Hayward and family, having returned from the Island, will reside at 37 Grenville street.

At the grand banquet to be given to Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier next month, McConkey will achieve a triumph in the catering and decorating line.

Lord and Lady Kelvin, who were such welcome visitors during the convention of the British Association for the Advancement of Science last month, are now visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Bottomley at their summer villa at Southampton, near New York.

Canon Gore, a delightfully practical and sympathetic dignitary of Westminster Abbey, was in town on Wednesday and gave a most interesting address to the Toronto Chapters of the St. Andrew's brotherhood. On Thursday he had a "Quiet Day" at St. Thomas' church, and yesterday left for Chicago.

Mrs. Godfrey has not returned south as she expected, Mr. Godfrey having advised her remaining here until the epidemic of yellow fever, which recently broke out near their Southern home, has been broken by the frost. Mrs. Godfrey has had her mother and sister, Mrs. and Miss Arthurs, staying with her in Church street.

The engagement of Miss Amy Riordan and Mr. Blanchard Pemberton is one of the late announcements which have much interested social circles.

Mr. Frank Denison and Miss Edith Denison are residing at 343 Huron street. Colonel and Mrs. R. B. Denison are with their son at Grimsby, the colonel finding the change most beneficial.

The unauthorized announcement of an engagement in the papers is the most abominable and uncomfortable slip imaginable, and should be guarded against with great watchfulness. Several times this year have pleasant friendships been made uncomfortable and young folks embarrassed, not to speak of the rage and fury of parents and big brothers, by the printed announcement of the engagement of the cherished daughter of the house, when no such thing was contemplated. The announcement of an engagement should be verified by appeal to one or other of the parties most nearly concerned, and thereby much pain and confusion of face averted.

Just a Little Boy is an ideally pretty book for the "wee mannie" of the family, written by Miss Alice Ashworth, and charmingly illustrated. A very wee boy can enjoy this book, long before he has mastered the alphabet, if it be read to him by some adoring relative. There are scarcely any books for tiny folks so suitable as Miss Ashworth's, which should be bought by Santa Claus by the thousand.

Miss Bessie Hees has returned from a visit to Mrs. Hiram Cleaver Kroh, that piquante New York lady whom we all admired last winter here.

Mrs. William Boulton of Iver House is visiting Mrs. Monk, near Ottawa.

Mrs. Stratford is back in town at her pretty home in Orde street, after a summer spent in eastern cities and watering places.

Mr. and Mrs. Macoun have returned from their summer outing at Massasauga Park, and are en pension at Cedarhurst, Jarvis street, for the winter. Mrs. Macoun will receive first and second Mondays in the month.

Greater Love Hath no Man.

Youth's Companion.

In Sir Evelyn Wood's Reminiscences a touching instance of courage and self-sacrifice is given. One June day, in 1855, a detachment of English marines were crossing the Woronzow Road under fire from the Russian batteries. All the men reached shelter in the trenches except a seaman, John Blewitt. As he was running a terrific roar was heard.

His mates knew the voice of a huge cannon, the terror of the army, and yelled, "Look out! It is Whistling Dick!" But at the moment Blewitt was struck on the knees by the enor-

mous mass of iron, and thrown to the ground. He called to his especial chum, "O Welch, save me!"

The fuse was hissing, but Stephen Welch ran out of the trenches, and seizing the great shell, tried to roll it off his comrade. It exploded with such force that not an atom of the bodies of Blewitt or Welch was found.

Even in that time, when each hour had its excitement, this deed of heroism stirred the whole English army. One of the officers searched out Welch's old mother in her poor home, and undertook her support while she lived, and the story of his death helped his comrades to nobler conceptions of a soldier's duty.

Time to Hurry.

A new method of reckoning time is reported from Washington by way of the Star:

"There is such a thing as becoming too much devoted to the bicycle," said a young woman. "I was riding with a friend of mine who demonstrated that fact."

"Did she talk continually about the wheel?" "No, she didn't talk about anything until I asked her if she knew what the hour was. She looked down at her cyclometer and said we'd better hurry home, as it was two miles and a quarter past dinner-time."

Dress for the Hunt Club Meet.

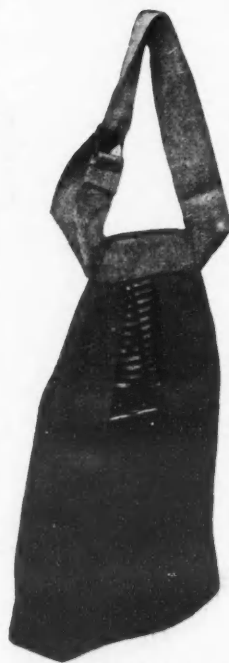
All society will be on tip-toe Saturday and following days at the Woodbine. The meeting of the Hunt Club promises to be neck and neck in popularity with the big spring event. In matters dressing, Toronto society is paying more attention than ever before to being so absolutely correctly clothed at such events. The ladies will be handsomely and elegantly costumed, and the gentlemen must not be one whit behind them for good style. Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block, is authority on Racey Styles in Gentlemen's Garments and will be pleased to be consulted as to such—for one's not supposed to appear on such occasions in off styles. Incidentally, Mr. Taylor has the finest range of fine woollens for fall and winter suits and overcoats he has ever had the pleasure of showing.

"Do not insist, my dear! I shan't tell you what I am going to give you, for I want to surprise you on our wedding day." "Tell me quickly, then, for the greatest surprise would be to see you keeping your word."—*Journal Amusant.*

A Delightfully Cool Hotel.

Visitors to the city during the heated term will find in the new Grand Union, corner Simcoe and Front, nearly opposite the Union Station entrance (the most modern hotel in the city—baths, electric light, gas, elevator, etc.), a perfect summer home, under the personal management of the proprietor.

Ladies' Traveling Pocket



Made of Very Soft Buckskin, to be worn beneath the Skirt.

Ensures absolute security in carrying money and valuables.

Price \$1.00

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Largest Makers of Fine Leather Goods in Canada

Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free.

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EXHIBITION AND SALE

Water Color Drawings

We have received instructions to arrange for exhibition and sale a collection of

Excellent Out-of-Door Sketches

BY G. CHAVIGNAUD

Pictures on view Wednesday, 29th inst., to be sold by auction on

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th

At 3 p.m.

Catalogues on application, C. J. TOWNSEND & CO., Auctioneers



Reefers

For the Boys of 5 to 10 Years

Just the weights for the chilly mornings and the raw days for weeks to come.

Prices—\$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50.

Colors good—shapes exactly in style.

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We guarantee Safford Patent Radiators the best Heaters ever made since the world began.

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For HEATING BY HOT WATER AND STEAM

The only Radiators Made without Bolts or Packing

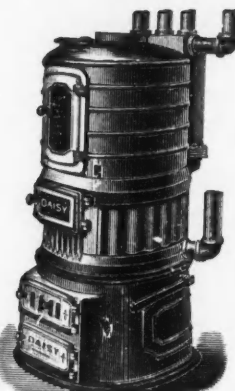
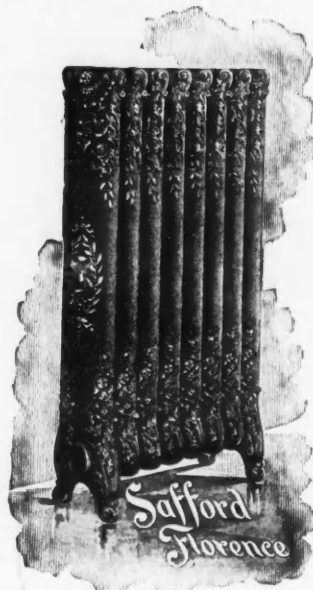
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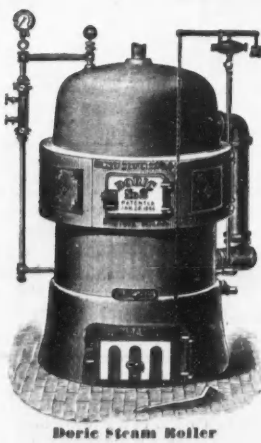
The "Daisy" is no experiment; it has been thoroughly tested during the past six years. There are thousands in use and all giving satisfaction. There is no other in the market with the same record.

Ontario Agents—THE TORONTO RADIATOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY (Limited), TORONTO, ONTARIO

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Time to Think of Winter!

DORIC Seamless Boilers OXFORD Radiators

...FOR HOT WATER OR STEAM

Make a simple, efficient and economical heating system that will maintain the same even healthful warmth all season.

Doric Boilers are an unqualified success everywhere. We guarantee their capacity.

Oxford Radiators have the only perfect joints—iron to iron—and are made in a vast assortment of styles and sizes, to suit every possible need.

See us or write for full details and estimate—the cost is moderate and your satisfaction sure.

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto

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49 King St. East, Toronto

Wedgwood China

We have just received a consignment of goods from this celebrated factory:

Teapots, Sugars Creams Cups and Saucers Jugs (all sizes) Biscuits Cheese Covers, Etc.

JOSEPH IRVING, Importer

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

WILLMOTT—Sept. 21, Mrs. F. C. Willmott—a son. CHAPMAN—Sept. 18, Mrs. H. E. Chapman—a daughter. McLENNAN—Victoria, Sept. 18, Mrs. J. K. McLENNAN—a son. HENDERSON—Sept. 15, Mrs. E. J. Henderson—a son.

Marriages.

FERRIS—McCALLUM—Sept. 22, Geo. M. Ferris, M.D., to Elizabeth M. McCallum. SMITH—EARSMAN—Sept. 15, Charles William Smith to Barbara Earsman. TUTHILL—ARNOLD—Sept. 21, Robert Tuthill to Nellie Arnold. NICHOL—MOORE—London, Sept. 21, Walter Cameron Nichol to Quila Josephine Moore. SYDNEY—REID—Hamilton, Sept. 21, Ernest Charles Sydney to Mabel Henrietta Reid. FRASER—YOUNG—Galt, Sept. 15, Hugh B. Fraser, M.D., to Alice R. Young. MUNROE—RIDDELL—Sept. 15, Edwin S. Munroe to Alice W. Riddell. BALLANTYNE—PATULLO—Woodstock, Sept. 15, Adam Walker Ballantyne to Ebelwyn Patullo. MALLON—MULVEY—John Francis Mallon to Teresa Catherine Mulvey.

Deaths.

LENNOX—At 288 Main street west, Hamilton, on Wednesday, Sept. 22, Letitia, wife of John Lennox. GUYETTE—Sept. 22, Julia Louise La Marche Guyette. HEAKES—Sept. 21, Margaret Heakes. MARTIN—Sept. 20, Christopher Martin. MORTIMER—Sept. 22, Elizabeth M. A. Mortimer. FORTON—Belleville, Sept. 21, Edward Geo. Ponton. ROBINSON—Sept. 21, Jane Robinson, aged 35. ROBINSON—Sept. 22, Frank H. Robinson, aged 26. DOWNS—Sept. 22, Miss M. A. Downs. CARLAW—Sept. 20, Eliza Carlaw. CLARK—Acton, Sept. 21, Nellie Clark. COURTNEY—Sept. 21, Isabella Courtney, aged 55. HANNAH—Sept. 20, Margaret Belinda Hannah, aged 37. STEWART—San Angelo, Texas, Sept. 18, Albert William Stewart, aged 37. ROGERS—Sept. 20, Frank J. Rogers, aged 45. BAINES—Sept. 16, Catharine Baines, aged 82. COZENS—Sept. 15, T. Cozens, aged 32. HOWLAND—Sept. 16, Caroline Stark Howland, aged 3. HUTCHINSON—Sept. 16, Mrs. James Hutchinson. LANGWORTHY—Port Arthur, Sept. 8, Mrs. W. H. Langworthy, aged 52.

W. H. STONE UNDERTAKER

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N. B.—Our charges have been greatly reduced in order to meet the popular demand for moderate-priced funerals.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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From TORONTO to

DETROIT, Mich.	- \$4.00
CLEVELAND, Ohio	- 6.50
SAGINAW, Mich.	- 7.00
BAY CITY, Mich.	- 8.00
GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.	- 8.00
CIN. INNATI, Ohio	- 10.00
CHICAGO, Ill.	- 10.00
ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.	33.00 TO 34.50

Tickets good to return until October 18th. Proportionate rates from other stations.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Steamship Express now due to leave Toronto 10.50 a.m. Monday, Thursday and Saturday for Owen Sound will, after Saturday, September 25th, BE DISCONTINUED

